AUG 17, 1935

Liberty

5¢

Why Die?

by Mary Pickford

A Sequel to WHY NOT TRY GOD?

See your CHEVROLET DEALER FIRST when you want to buy a good USED CAR

SEE your Chevrolet dealer FIRST when you want to buy a good used car because his store is headquarters for the most dependable used cars in your community—used cars with the Guaranteed OK tag!

There are several very good reasons why you can count on getting a *better car* and *better value* from your Chevrolet dealer.

The remarkable popularity of the 1935 Chevrolets is bringing him a choice assortment of used cars of the most popular makes and models. He puts these cars in the finest condition before offering them for sale. He checks the body—the engine—the transmission—the brakes—and all vital parts. *And then he attaches his Guaranteed OK tag.*

Follow the example of wise used car buyers. See your Chevrolet dealer FIRST and get a better used car value—and a better deal on your old car in trade. See him—*today!*

See your authorized

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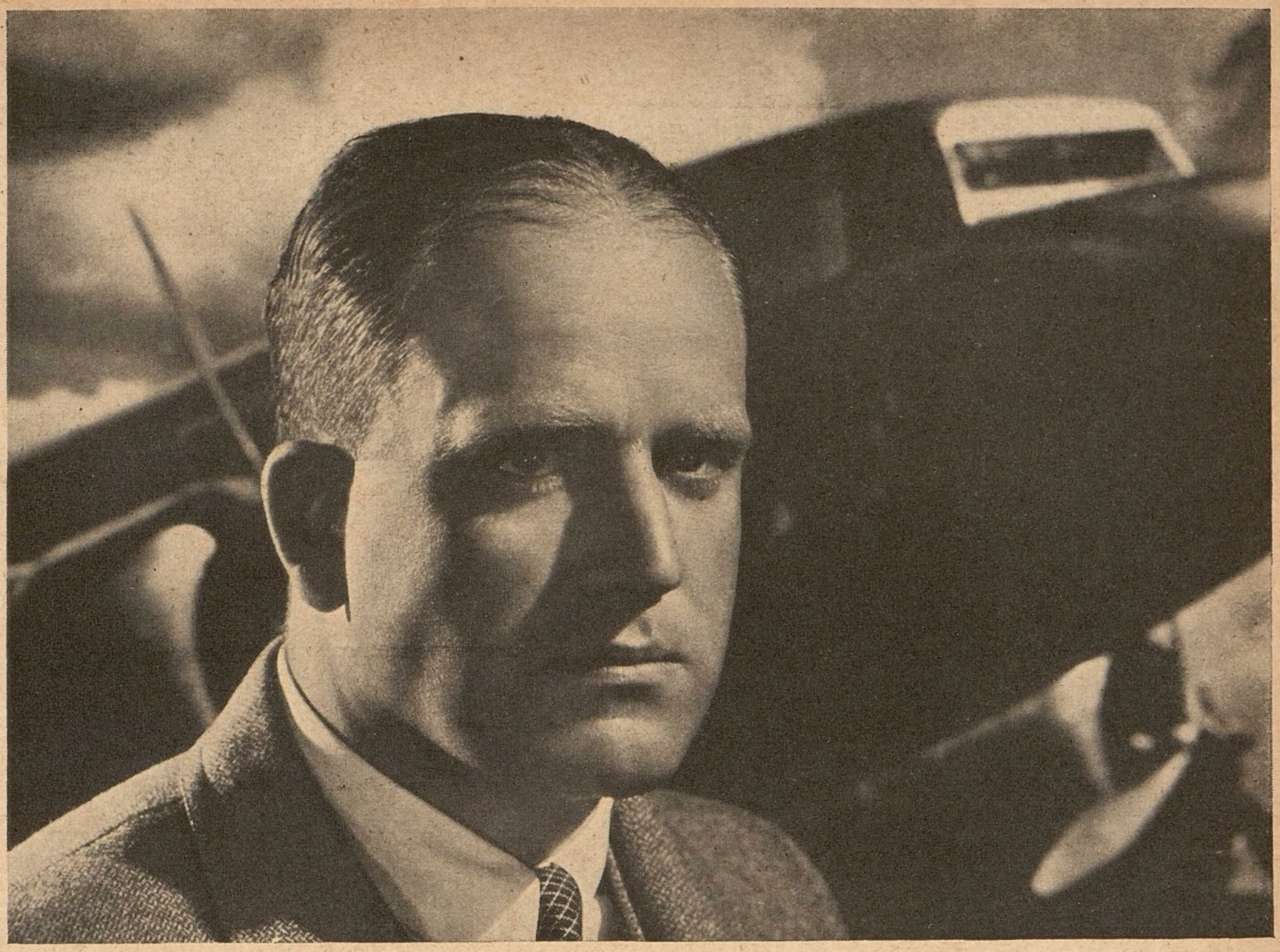
FOR

Guaranteed

USED CARS

with an OK that counts



Thousands of Flying Hours

but he's a DENTAL CRIPPLE just the same!

It began with "Pink Tooth Brush"

YEARS AGO—stunting at county fairs in a second-hand crate—he never had to bother about his teeth and gums. The tough, stringy fare of those lean barnstorming days gave them plenty of work to do, kept them sound and healthy.

But prizes got bigger . . . Jobs got better . . . Foods got softer, and gums more sensitive. And this so-careful man who watched every warning of wind and weather—wrecked his dental health. He shut his eyes to the danger of "Pink Tooth Brush." He wouldn't listen to his dentist. And now he's a dental cripple.

"Pink Tooth Brush" is simply a warning, *but* it always tells you the truth. It tells you that your gums are sensitive and tender, wide open to serious gum disorders.

Put the blame where it belongs—on our modern diet of soft, creamy foods that rob gums of healthful work and exercise . . . But be sure and do the reasonable thing—change to Ipana plus massage—your dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums. Begin to rub a little extra Ipana on your gums every time you brush your teeth. New circulation begins. There's a fresher feel to your gums—a new cleanliness to your mouth.

Begin with Ipana plus massage today. Avoid that "tinge of pink" on your tooth brush. And as for pyorrhea, gingivitis, and Vincent's disease—you'll probably never know how unpleasant they can be.

Professional Opinion says:

• *From a standard dental text:*
"Refined foods are . . . soft, so as to require little or no mastication."

• *A well-known authority says:*
"Bleeding of the gums always means trouble and should receive attention at once."

• *Excerpt from a professional treatise:*
"It is important to brush the gums in order to keep them in a healthy condition."

Tune in "Town Hall Tonight." Hear Fred Allen and the Ipana Troubadours Wednesday evenings—WEAF and associated N.B.C. stations.

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

AUGUST 17, 1935

Liberty

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BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR
FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR
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IS THE WHOLE WORLD GOING CRAZY?

THE world's news at times overwhelms us with fearful forebodings. Where are we going and from whence?

Every nation is preparing up to the hilt for war. Millions upon millions of their citizens are arming themselves for protection against gas attacks. Wars of the future will be against civilians—men, women, children, babies. There are gas-mask parades and bomb cellars into which people can rush for protection.

No. The rulers of Europe have not gone mad altogether. They are preparing for an appalling emergency. It stills the hearts of men even to think about it. Is there to be no cessation of this terrific strain upon human resources financially and vitally? Is it to be a war to the death between nations whose lands are divided by a border line? Is there no such thing as human fellowship? And must we too join in this mad crazy violence, brutality, bestiality, bloody carnage, or else go down under the rush of frantic tramping feet?

Russia with her thousands upon thousands of airplanes, with every citizen training to be an aviator—with aviation organizations numbering millions of members, yet claiming to be a peaceful nation. But we have to admit Russia has pleaded on many occasions with the League of Nations for European disarmament. But pleadings have been in vain.

But prepare for war—the glory of battle—we will have to fight for our lives! These are the sentiments which flash through the air. And they are speeding great nations toward the bloody conflict which may wipe out civilization altogether.

"They that take the sword shall perish with the sword." And this saying can be applied just as aptly to nations as it can to individuals.

And there is Hitler trying to drive the Jews from their high places. The prejudice against this race in Germany cannot be quieted. A Berlin Chief of Police apparently in sympathy with the Jewish race has been replaced by an official who proposes to drive all Jews in Germany back to the old-time ghetto.

And Catholicism is having some difficulties in Germany, although the officials maintain that no religion will be attacked provided that politics are avoided absolutely.

And here in our own country we find our officials and legislators making and enforcing laws which they know to be unconstitutional—killing "the goose that lays the golden eggs."

The American Constitution made us the world's richest nation. It is the guiding force that led us out of the wilderness of bigotry and prejudice and into a land of freedom. It has protected us from wild theorists, fanatical agitators, although in the last twenty-five years it has been attacked from many sources. Many officials who have sworn to uphold the Constitution have tried to tear it down.

But we still have people in this country who have sufficient intelligence to add two and two together. And that is about all the mental equipment needed to ascertain the great outstanding benefit this nation has acquired from following constitutional government.

Mussolini has apparently sent forth on a warlike mission hundreds of thousands of fine Italian youth who are facing the possibility of war with Ethiopia. And war with this nation has proved disastrous to Italy in the past. Mussolini may want to wipe out the disgrace of a former defeat; but in the background we have Japan, who may also enter the conflict.

Hazardous business—this warfare! And it is said that Ethiopia takes no prisoners. The fiendish punishment exacted from her victims is said to be enough to blanch the face of the hardiest soldier.

While the whole world seems to be turning toward military madness, there is a general acceptance of the airplane ascendancy in warfare. But we are still plugging along. Maybe in a few years we will recognize the need of being prepared for aerial warfare. And when that happens, a few hundred thousand of our unemployed can be used to build and fly ships and prepare for our next war—which will be in the air.—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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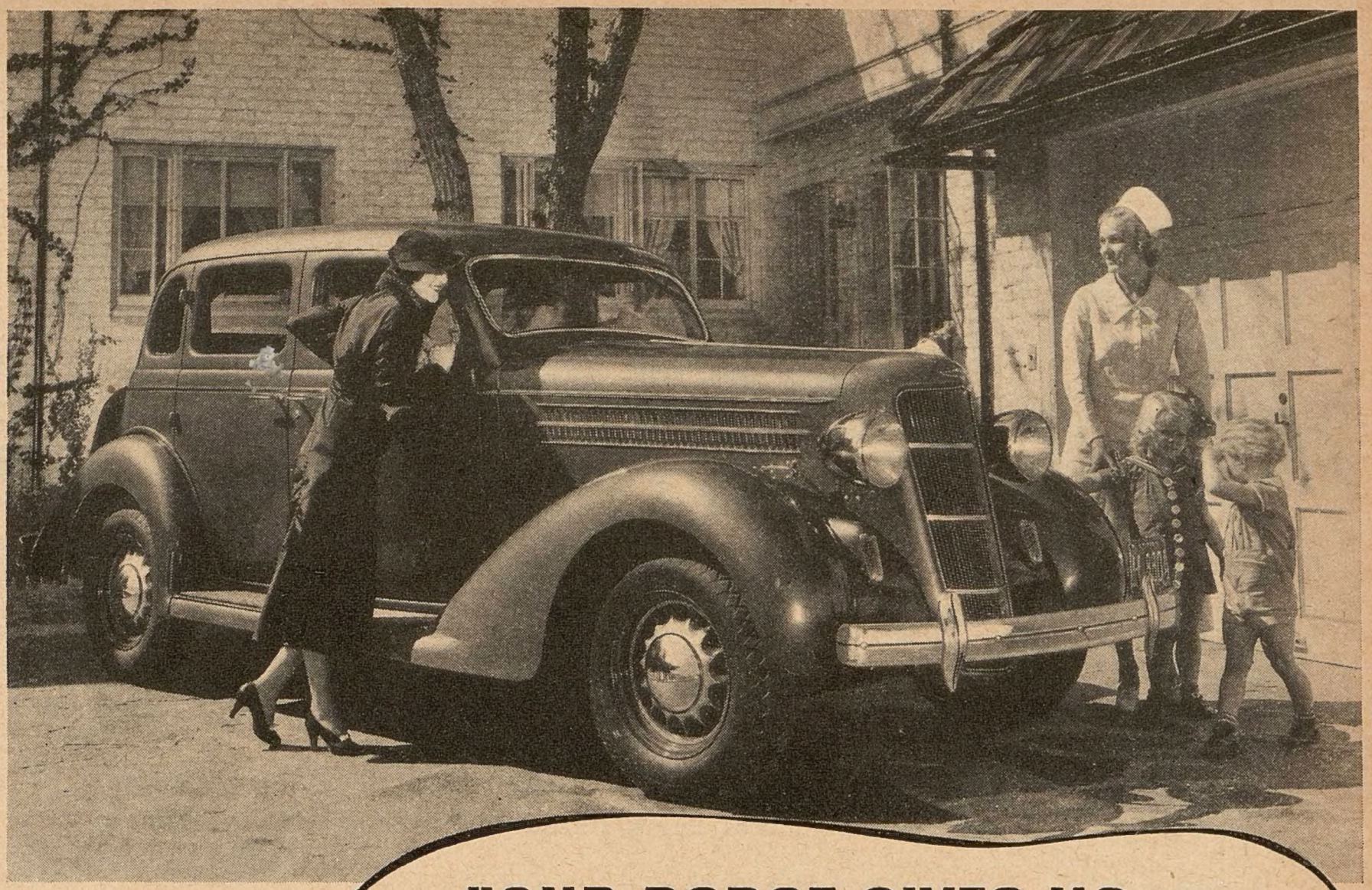


"OUR DODGE GIVES US $1.00 WORTH OF MILEAGE FOR EVERY 80¢ WORTH OF GAS!"

Says Mr. Lou Hanks, Chicago, Ill.

"MY CAR is on the go all the time," says Mr. Hanks. "When I'm not driving it someone else in the family is. I used to deliver a regular monthly 'lecture' when the gas bill came in. But after I got my new Dodge it was down about 20 per cent.

"I noticed I had been averaging about 5 more miles to the gallon, but it wasn't until I saw that dollars and cents record that I realized that we were getting about a dollar's worth of mileage for every 80 cents."

Built-In Economy

Mr. Hanks is only one of the thousands of Dodge owners who tell us their cars save them money every day; give them from 18 to 24 miles per gallon of gas. This amazing Dodge economy didn't just happen. A combination of many money-saving features have been engineered into the Dodge "Red Ram" engine to make this big, luxurious car astonishingly cheaper to operate.

And remember—Dodge also gives you the smooth "Airglide Ride"—the safety all-steel body, pioneered by Dodge—and genuine hydraulic brakes.

This big, money-saving car now costs only a few dollars more than the lowest-priced makes.

DODGE DIVISION—CHRYSLER MOTORS

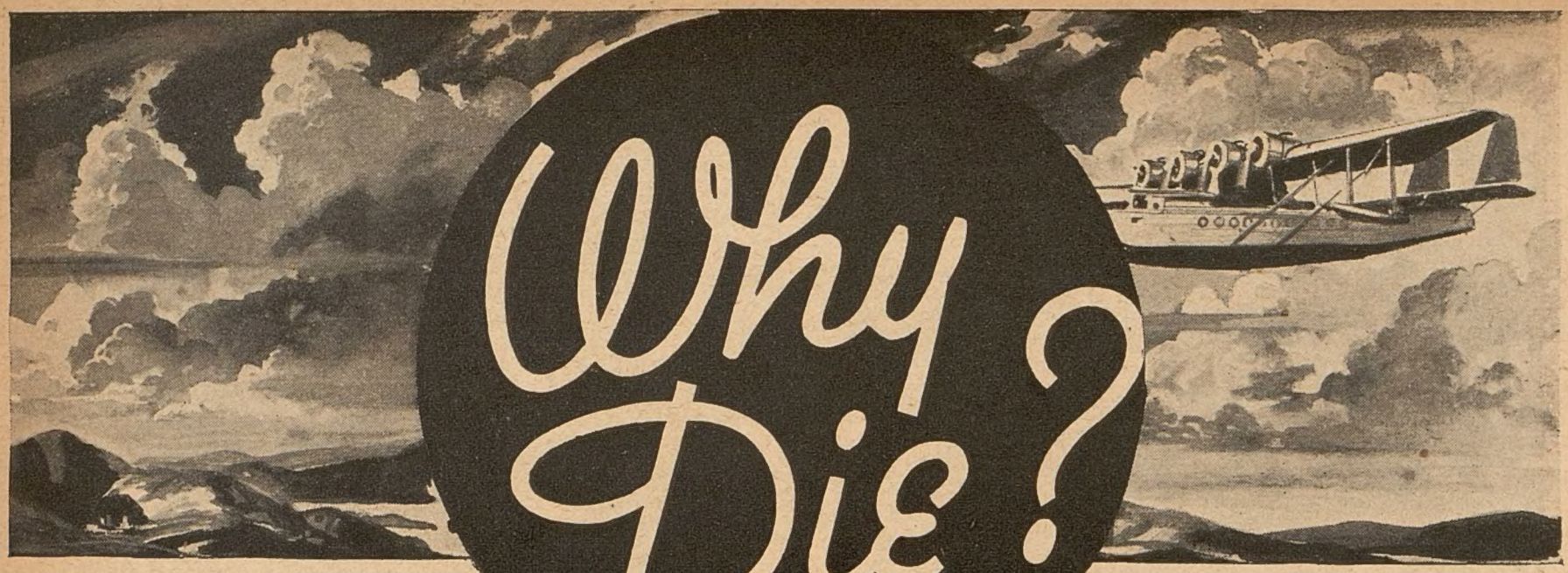
This advertisement endorsed by the Department of Engineering—Chrysler Motors

"My Dodge averages better than 19 miles per gallon," writes Mr. George Fanteck, St. Albans, N. Y. "We have had other cars, and I have figured that our big Dodge costs less to run than a small car."

"A friend of mine who has a car smaller than a Dodge isn't getting anywhere near the mileage I'm getting," says Ray W. Hoffman, St. Louis, Mo. "And my Dodge doesn't use as much oil as his car."

*NEW-VALUE DODGE: Coupe $645, 2-door Sedan $690, Rumble Seat Coupe $710, Touring Sedan (2-door, with built-in trunk) $715, Sedan $735, Touring Sedan (4-door, with built-in trunk) $760, Convertible Coupe $770. Dodge trucks $365 and up. *List prices at factory, Detroit, subject to change without notice. Special equipment extra. Time payments to fit your budget. Ask for the official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan.*

New Value DODGE *now only* $645*



Why Die?

by MARY PICKFORD

A Sequel to "Why Not Try God?"—The Stirring Credo of One Who Foresees "Only More Thrilling Adventures Lying Ahead . . . Nothing to Fear, Ever"

READING TIME
18 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

In Why Die? Miss Pickford makes a further avowal of the beatific faith and philosophy which she originally shared with the world in Why I Can Be Happy in Spite of All. Published two years ago, in the issue of August 26, 1933, that famous article brought in upon her and upon Liberty a veritable flood of readers' gratitude. Its effects here and there were amazing. A condemned man carried his copy of the issue to the gallows with him. A woman in Boston, on the point of shooting two children and herself, read the article and was saved. Later, when it appeared in book form under the title Why Not Try God? the response to it was again overwhelming.

WHAT are we? Where are we going?

When separation from a loved one comes, is it for always?

Once I was satisfied to label such questions mysteries. I knew I was living in a remarkable age when the world was making greater progress in thought and invention than it had in the fifty centuries preceding. But it was not until sorrow came my way and I ached for reassurance that I began to appreciate the infinite secrets that are being solved about ourselves and the universe around us.

There is no time or space, I learned. And I caught a hint of their unreality when I sat in my apartment on the thirty-sixth floor of a New York hotel and talked by wireless telephone to a friend on a ship ten days across the Pacific.

He was at least 7,000 miles away. But though it was the night of a certain day where he was, and the morning of the next day where I was, his voice reached me a few seconds after he spoke.

Just now I stood at my window in Beverly Hills and watched a gray plane soar across the sky. It was the first passenger air liner, a great amphibian, that will connect this country with Hawaii and the Orient—an air clipper that will cover in hours distances that once took weeks to travel.

Man is dissolving time and space!

He is conquering the skies!

And yet, not so very long ago he was terrified to explore even the sea because he thought he would drop off the edge at the horizon!

In this year of 1935 we chuckle over the old fellows who believed in a flat world where monsters lurked at the brink to eat them up. And we cheer for Columbus and other adventurers who sailed into the unknown, only to discover new lands.

But let any one dare to speculate about the present-day uncharted seas, the seas of this life and the next, and the average man begins to wriggle uncomfortably and mutter, "Hey, don't be morbid!" or "Why bring that up?"

All the same, I'm going to bring it up. You see, I know about the shock of parting. Two of the people I loved best in the world, my mother and my brother Jack, have crossed this world's horizon. I have been hurled right down into the lowest pit of grief. And slowly I have climbed back to a brighter outlook where understanding replaces sorrow.

Of course we can grit our teeth and bear the black pit until we get used to it. But since there is a ladder available, why not use it? In fact, there are many different ladders. And some of you may have found one quite different from the one I have used. Yet since what I—an average hopeful woman—have come to believe may help others, I am writing this article.

"If a man die, shall he live again?"

Job asked that. And so have all the others who, like those doubting mariners of Columbus's time, wondered if we tumble out of life and into oblivion at the horizon.

Well, there was a young carpenter of Nazareth who proved that putting off the body wasn't the end. His enemies attempted to destroy Him as thoroughly as they knew how; they crucified Him and pierced His side and sealed Him in a stone sepulcher; yet in three days He returned to show them life couldn't be destroyed. And I, for one, am willing to have faith in what He proved.

"The tomb is not a blind alley; it is an open thorough-

Mary with her beloved mother, now departed. By intuition she is sure that they will meet again.

Left: "I stood at my window and watched a gray plane soar. Man is dissolving time and space!"

fare," is the way Victor Hugo looked at it. "It closes in the twilight to open in the dawn. My work is only beginning—is hardly above the foundation. I would gladly see it mounting forever. The thirst for the Infinite proves infinity."

What a glorious feeling of release that thought gives! If we are freed of the fear of death, then we are free indeed.

"My work is only beginning."

In other words, the experiences in each particular life are just the series of related incidents that go to make up all experience. And when we compare the twenty or forty or eighty years of one life span with the eternity through which each one of us as immortal souls shall live, it is only like a passing moment.

I wish such things had been explained to me when I was a child. Somewhere, probably from my religious instruction, a ghastly fear of death was instilled in me. That dreadful little prayer, "If I should die before I wake," filled me with horror. I had hell-fire and the pictures in Dante's Inferno—those dismal inky engravings—and a lot of other old-school bugaboos mixed up in my young mind. And even as a tiny girl I began to dread the time when I must lose my mother.

I loved Mama so very much. We were not only mother and daughter but the greatest friends, who worked and laughed and played together. We always talked things over. But I never told her of my fear, though many nights I sobbed myself to sleep over it. All my life, even in my happiest moments, it would stab through me like a knife. And when the time came when she finally went away, my first thought was, "It has happened. The thing that has tortured me all these years is here!"

Now, that childish ignorance was all wrong. Babies shouldn't be allowed to suffer like that. If I had a little girl she would be taught from the beginning that life on this plane is a game, a thrilling adventure. And that when she and I and all the others have lived this experience as well as we know how, there will be more thrilling adventures lying ahead, and nothing to fear, ever.

There were times in my mother's life that were very hard—times when she suffered privation and trouble and pain. But though I once raged bitterly against the injustice of such experiences coming to her, I realize now that this was not the sum and total of her life. She has progressed, advanced toward a better state. Her span here was only a moment in eternity.

And that isn't just a fairy tale to comfort a child. It is what the great thinkers of all times have assured us. "Death is not a journeying into an unknown land," Ruskin tells us; "it is a voyage home. We are going not to a strange country, but to our Father's house, and among our kith and kin."

You see, he didn't mind making the journey. And I don't believe any one else does when the time actually arrives. When I was eighteen I was so gravely ill the doctors said I couldn't live. I knew this; and when the moment came that I was slipping away, I had the most marvelous feeling of lightness and well-being and peace. I thought, "So this is it." And I was glad.

But all of a sudden a terrible clamor disturbed me. It drew me back. And when I opened my eyes I saw that it was Mama crying and taking on at a great rate. I was very annoyed. But I looked sweetly up at her and mur-

mured, " God bless you, Mama darling." Then I closed my eyes again.

Now, I suppose if I had really made the journey, my family would have remembered me as a pious little angel whose last thought was to bless her dear ones. But the truth of the matter was, I was simply trying to trick Mama into being quiet so that I could get away without any fuss. And when my plan didn't work and she kept on sobbing, I decided that it might be wrong to go away and leave her. And so I came back and got well.

Mind you, I am not saying the separation isn't pretty terrible for the ones who are left behind. No one knows that better than I do. And yet, after all, it is not the separation that puts us on the rack so much as it is our doubts over what may be happening to the departed one. And besides this torturing uncertainty there is always that demon, self-pity, who comes to every bereaved person.

NOT long after my own sorrow a friend of mine, a famous comedienne whom I shall call Ann, lost her mother. They had been inseparable; her grief was terrible. A mutual friend called me on the telephone and said, " Mary, try to help her. She may listen to you because she will know you understand. Anyway, we must get her out of this or I don't know what will happen."

When I arrived at her home I was told that she was prostrated—too crushed to see any one. But the doctor came out of her room just then and said, " Go in, Miss Pickford. You may know what to say to her."

I entered to find her in a frightful state. And as I looked at that poor moaning huddle on the bed I realized for the first time the folly of grief. I saw then how badly I myself had acted during my own trouble. And though I ached to put my arms around her and sympathize with her, I knew that it would only send her into worse storms of weeping.

I knew she must be startled out of her misery. And so I steeled myself to say, " Ann, can you stand a good hard smack? Because that's what I'm going to give you."

She stopped moaning and she opened her eyes and looked up at me. And then I said, " This is one of the worst cases of self-pity I ever saw in my life! The idea of your taking on like this because your mother has gone and left you! You're spoiling her happy home-going, that's what you're doing! You should be ashamed to hurt her like this! "

That surprised her. After a moment she sat up. " Do you really believe that, Mary? " she demanded. " Do you actually believe that my mother could be happy and all right somewhere? "

I sat down beside her then, and I told her how powerful our thoughts are. And that even if her mother were not able to see us—and I was not saying she couldn't—the thoughts of grief and sorrow we were broadcasting might easily be strong enough to make her utterly miserable. Ann agreed that if her mother were setting out on an earthly journey, she, Ann, wouldn't ruin her trip by constantly sending her radiograms of reproach and despair at the parting. And soon I could see that the idea was helping my friend to get hold of herself.

Finally I said, " Why, Ann, your mother won't be alone. Your brother is there. And many more of your family and old friends will be waiting to welcome her."

" Oh, Mary, wouldn't that be wonderful! " she said. " And maybe your mother is with her, too." And then Ann made the first gallant step toward conquering grief. For she smiled and said, " I'll wager the first thing your mother will say to mine is, 'Linda, you should be ashamed of yourself for not saving a fortune from Ann's earnings and leaving it in trust for her.' And I can just hear mother saying, 'Mind your own business, Charlotte. We had a darned good time spending it! ' "

Laughter is a wonderful medicine. The moment Ann could hope she could smile. After that her thoughts turned from herself, and she got up and dressed and went about facing her trying experience with courage.

" Do you really believe she could be happy and all right somewhere? "

Ann's question is one we all ask. Well, do you believe in God, that tremendous force who is present everywhere? God wouldn't make each of us a unique personality—as distinct from each other as our fingerprints are—just to wipe us out in a few brief years. He wouldn't destroy the loving work of His hands. And that horizon we label extinction is a thing we only imagine—any horizon is a place we never reach.

Why can't we think of God as a kind and wise Father who has a wonderful and loving plan worked out for each of us? Even in these topsy-turvy times, when the whole world seems in such a muddle, we discover that He is Good. There has never been so much of everything for our use: great catches of fish from the sea; the earth producing huge crops. So much of everything, in fact, that we, His children, are shortsightedly destroying His gifts instead of sharing them. Don't blame God because we don't know how to use what He has provided for us. Don't blame Him for our shameful lack of love and consideration for our brother's need. When we stop running around in circles and turn to Him for guidance—when we start thinking kindness instead of intolerance—He'll show us how even this economic confusion can be harmonized.

If we don't believe this, we have only to look at the mess we have gotten ourselves into by thinking greed and selfishness and wars. Those destructive thoughts are what cause depressions. And nothing else! Wars in themselves are bad enough. But it is the hatred they set vibrating through the universe that generates the greatest harm. Where do you suppose that mysterious influenza epidemic came from during the World War if it wasn't nature answering man's demand for destruction?

By the same token, when the people of all countries have good will toward one another all the world will benefit. Listen to what science says about the power of thought. Every time you love or pray or hate or curse, the brain moves. That movement communicates itself to the ether; the ether carries it on to the universe; and there it waits to strike on a mind in sympathy with its ideas and to become a part of that life.

Everything that ever was or ever will be was originally created by thought.

God thought, and a universe was set in motion!

A universe was set to vibrating! Breath-taking, isn't it? That means, then, that everything—every thought, every word, every person, every star—everything is a rate of vibration; that is, some form of motion. And all these various rates of vibration have two aspects, visible and invisible—one you can see, and one you can't.

Everything we see in this world is an objectified thought—a thought with an overcoat on. Our bodies are objectified thoughts; they are simply the objects we dangle in front of other people to identify ourselves. It is as if every personality in the universe—those on this plane and all the other planes that exist—were attending a great university. In this university are many schools of experience; and in the school of this plane your physical body and mine are the uniforms by which we recognize each other.

DO we really have another body besides this material one we can see? Metaphysicians and religionists think so. And so do philosophers and psychologists and even scientists. But since it is a spiritual body, it has a higher vibration than the physical; and so when it graduates into a higher plane it discards our school uniform and is no longer evident to our earthly senses.

Not a vibration, not an atom in the universe is lost for an instant. Why should we suppose a personality—the most precious vibration of all—can be lost?

After all, it wasn't just a physical body that made my mother who and what she was. It was her courage and love, her tenderness, her humor and generosity and patience and understanding. The endearing and lasting part of Jack's personality was made up of his gaiety, his charm and kindness and affection. These qualities with many others were the essence, the spirit and life in my dear ones. And not only do they continue to live on this plane in memory, but as a necessary part of God's universe—and in their unique combinations such as make up a particular personality—they go on, forever imperishable.

Life cannot be destroyed. A body is put off, but that is all that happens. That is why suicide is such a foolish business. A visible body can be discarded; but the invisible essence will only find itself faced with the same problems it has attempted to escape.

We can't dodge life. And so we had better face and master it. Each of us is really immortal and perfect right this minute—only some of us are ignorant of the fact. But we are spiraling toward an understanding of our perfection. Every one of us who is looking for the truth about life is a mental explorer. And when we find out that death is only life progressing beyond our physical senses, it doesn't take long for us also to realize that, no matter where we find ourselves, we *think* our way into all the heaven there is and we *think* our way into all the hell there is—in other words, that they are states of mind and not localities.

Some mental explorers may be farther along the road than others. All are not on the same road. But we are all headed for understanding. And each of us at this moment is the result of what he has thought through the ages.

Now, I have been poor and I've been cold and I've been hungry and heartbroken. And so I'm not just talking idly when I say that it isn't what happens to us that matters. It's the way we react to it, what we think about it. For there was never a problem put to any of us that hadn't an answer. And the solving will depend entirely on our true attitude of mind.

Of course, if I were unarmed and came face to face with a lion, there wouldn't be much time to start throwing up mental defenses. If I were some one who had never bothered to build courage and mastery and poise in myself, I'd probably be so utterly terrified that the lion would sense he had the better of the affair and would make short work of me.

You see, he'd know I was afraid.

There was once a man called Daniel who had built such faith and understanding in himself that he went into a whole den of lions—and hungry lions they were, too—but they never touched him. Daniel simply *knew* he was God's highest handiwork, a man. He knew that this confidence banished fear and gave him dominion over the fiercest beasts. And because he knew it so completely, the lions knew it. And they let him alone.

The thinking of Daniel was good. He had built it strong and true. Even the lions sensed his friendly, loving attitude toward them and responded to it. All great thinkers have made unselfed love the basis of living. When Daniel—like other men—graduated into another life, that was the part of him that went on.

Went on where? "From light into the splendour of glory." Those grand, hopeful words are from an ancient Hebrew writing—words that cheered me so much that you might like to know the rest of the verse. It says:

> And time shall no longer age them.
> For in the heights of that world shall they dwell,
> And they shall be like unto the angels,
> And be made equal to the stars.
> And they shall be changed into every form they desire,
> From beauty into loveliness,
> And from light—into the splendour of glory.

Mary's late brother Jack, another of "the people I loved best in the world."

Nothing in this universe is ever lost. Do you realize that? Substance may and does change form. But it never ceases to exist. Water merely evaporates; the form changes but the reality is everlasting.

Man is a progressive spirit. And though the divine spark was always in him, the cave man started from a pretty low state of understanding to climb to his present manhood. It is still a state that is far from perfect. Which is the best reason I can offer why God wouldn't destroy us. He is a just God. And He certainly is going to give every one of us a chance to prove the powers still latent within us.

How are we going to rouse these inactive powers? By recognizing and cultivating them. Only certain centers are now working in the average man; others are dormant. In a perfect human being all the centers will function fully and will produce perfect mental unfoldment and a perfect physical body. I believe the man called Jesus was like that.

When Mama and Johnny went away, one of my most agonizing thoughts was whether we should ever meet again. And if we did, would we know each other? At this moment I have no material proof that we will. But by the power of intuition I am sure that nothing can ever cut a tie of pure unselfed love. Love is God. And so long as you love any one you are bound to that person, whether he has gone on to another life or not.

God is not cruel. He would not let us down. He would not let us build a beautiful comradeship with someone, only to tear us apart forever.

Sometimes there must be separations, necessary for our growth. In this life we face them when we send our children away to school—or when we release them to set out on their own careers.

Death is just another such separation, and one I truly believe will end in reunion. God arranged my meeting with Mama and Johnny to my satisfaction in this life. And so why shouldn't I believe He will do it as happily in the next? He has given the lower animals a sixth sense called the "homing instinct." A dog will travel hundreds of miles to find the master he loves. And so why shouldn't a man, who is the highest manifestation of God's thought, be drawn intuitively to his loved ones when they meet again on other planes?

These are the things that sorrow has taught me. And now that I am acquainted with grief, I have even learned that it has its virtues. Since it is an experience we all share, it becomes one of the greatest of all human bonds, one that makes us kinder to others who suffer. You see, men misunderstand each other so often because they seldom feel the same emotions at the same time; but when they feel a similar emotion similarly, then—and then only—are they *bound* to understand each other.

Somewhere I have read that "Happy lives are little lives. They do not live beyond their rose-wreathed walls." And so, when sorrow drives us out of our quiet gardens into the open highway, we must accept it gallantly. For along the road to understanding we will find inspiring new scenes; and even when we are traveling through the dark valley we shall be able to see the shining mountaintops ahead.

THE END

Shoot the Works!

A Breathless Tale, Alive with Authentic Thrills—of Love in the World of Wings and the Ways of a Girl with Red Hair

by E. W. CHESS

ILLUSTRATION BY T. D. SKIDMORE

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

"LISTEN, BUDDY," SHE CHIRPED. "I CAN G

WE were leaning against the two gas barrels on the field side of Hangar No. 1, and I was telling the usual lot of flying yarns to Squeaky, a bright-eyed youngster. He was blond and tall and about twenty-one or so. I suppose he might have made a good pilot in the war, but there wasn't any war now. All the time I was talking Squeaky was sucking on a cigarette and listening in that weary kind of way fellows do when they get around fifty hours in the air, and he wasn't paying any too much attention.

I'd gone down the line of stories until I got to those about "Wild Bill." Bill was also testing for Wintly. Wintly did have some strange ideas of what could fly, and every time he put one together it was either Bill's job or mine to take it up in the air and put it through its paces. That's what you call a pretty soft job.

This fellow Bill was one of the finest pilots I ever knew, and the stories about him are close on to perfect. When I started them that morning, I must have known I was leading up to something else. The thing that happened last night had me in a spin. I couldn't come right out and say it in so many words. I had to put it into the middle of the deck, shuffle, and then turn over the cards one by one until it showed itself.

I turned over my first card by telling how Bill used to fly a twenty-four-meter Nieuport through one of the hangars at Issoudun just for an appetite for breakfast. After a week of it, some one left the far doors of the hangar closed, and Bill finished his dive by crashing them.

Everybody on the field ran over. The crate was a mess—wires and struts and fabric all in a bunch, and somewhere beneath and in the middle was Bill. Well, out of it comes Wild Bill's head, his eyes looking a little dazed even after he stood up and shook himself.

"Now," said Wild Bill—my story about him hasn't changed since the old days in Paris. "Now," he said, "I kinda knew somebody would close them damn doors sometime!"

Squeaky didn't say anything until he'd taken a couple of puffs of his cigarette, and then it was something to the effect that the story was a phony.

"Phony!" I sneered. "Trouble with you lads with around fifty hours in the air, you got no respect for real pilots. Wild Bill is one of the best. Why, I remember one day back of Suippes when he showed Voss and his outfit what flying was."

"And who was this guy Voss?" Squeaky asked.

"Why, he was just one of the boys," I said. "A Hun, but he had plenty up his sleeve. Me and Wild Bill ran into 'em at twelve thousand one day over on our side of the lines. We had about two thousand feet on them when Bill first pointed. I looked down and, sure enough,

OUGH WITH ANY OF 'EM." SHE THREW A SILK-COVERED LEG OVER THE DOOR OF HER ROADSTER

there they were, ten of 'em and as nice as anything.

"Well, Bill looks over at me and points again. I knew he was itching to go down after them. I kept shaking my head and shaking, but no use. Finally Bill lets go of the stick and clasps his hands together and shook them like he meant to say, 'I'm shooting the works!' By that he meant that it was too much for him and he had to have a showdown. Well, Squeaky, we put on a show for the boys that day. They told me the trenches called a holiday, and for twenty minutes they nearly broke their necks."

All Squeaky said was:

"That would have been an easy way to stop the war. What else?"

"About the end of the show I got into a jam with one of the beggars," I went on sadly, "and I wouldn't have come out if it hadn't been for Bill, because he picked off the one that was riding my tail. Just about then one of the Boches clipped him and he went over on his side and down in a heap. Only nice part about it was that before they got him he planted four D-7s so deep that when the spring rains came they sprouted."

"Sprouted little D-7s," Squeaky said flippantly. "An' what is a D-7, Hard Guy?"

"Listen," I said contemptuously. "Never ask that question again, but when you hear the word just think of the worst thing you can, and then multiply it by three; then you have a Fokker D-7."

"What happened after that?"

"You mean Bill?" I asked. "Oh, he was up and around in time, but he never got around much until he got up. You've seen him with me—that guy with the smooth face and the nice eyes."

"Sure," said Squeaky. "I've seen him limping around. But you guys sort of make me sick the way you talk about one another. Why, the way I hear it, you used to think a spin was a sure-fire crack-up. A bunch of lambs, I call you."

Squeaky might have said more had not that new Wintly job Bill was testing come drifting over.

"That's Bill now," I said.

"An' if that approach is what he calls coming in for a landing, then I'm Lindbergh."

"O. K.!" I said. "But just watch and you'll see a little lesson for the autumn leaves on how to land with perfect decorum."

It was a nice crate, that new Wintly, as good as anything Bill or I had ever taken off the ground for him; and it looked fine coming in the way it was, all low and flat, and the motor throttled a little as if it were sort of modest.

"Bill's not trying to hit the field," I said easily. "He's just coming over to show off the plane. Why, just look at the way he flies. It comes natural to Bill, like sleeping or eating."

Bill had been nosing down a little and was still about fifty feet up. I thought all he'd do then was give her the gun and pull up in one of those fast vertical banks of his, but he didn't. He leveled her off just before he got over our heads. I saw him look over the side, and then hold out his hands like he did that day we saw the Voss outfit, clasp them together, and shake.

I don't know why that handshake gave me the feeling it did, but coming after what had happened last night I felt cold all over. I must have shown it, because Squeaky looked at me and said:

"What's eatin' you, Hard Guy?"

"Why, he just shook his hands!" I said.

"Yeah, shook his hands, and now he's pulling like hell for height. I guess maybe he's tryin' to break the altitude record the way he's gettin' up."

"My God!" I said.

"Hey!" Squeaky cried. "What the hell is wrong with you?"

I hardly heard him. I jumped up and said, "I can't look at it, Squeaky. When he drops, tell me." And then I hurried into the hangar where I couldn't see the sky. I wasn't there but a few moments when I heard Squeaky shout:

"He's in a spin! Two to one he doesn't come out of it!"

"I'll take that!" I yelled back at him.

The sound of the crash made me feel empty inside. I heard Squeaky shout:

"I won! You better pay me now!"

I never answered, but dragged myself to the telephone booth and called the hospital for the ambulance and a doctor.

E. W. CHESS

was born in Texas and left high school to join the Royal Flying Corps in Canada, going overseas at eighteen. At the end of the war he flew for two years with the Kosciusko Squadron, receiving the highest award Poland can give. In addition, he has been a miner, editor, reporter, professional wrestler, and writer of fiction.

I HATED to call Curly. The last thing I wanted to do in the world was to tell her, but I did. I got the wrong number the first time because I fumbled the dial, but the next time I got her.

"Hello, darling," she said before I said a word.

"Oh, hello," I said.

"Listen," she said right off. "When you start off this 'Oh, hello' stuff, I know something is screwy. If you're playing around with that dizzy blonde over at the hospital again, and aren't dropping around for dinner, just say right off what it is. See? I'm the kind—"

"Now, wait a minute, Curly!" I interrupted.

"Yes, darling," she said in that cold way that only a woman like her can say it.

I paused and said, "Curly, something has happened."

She must have heard something funny in my voice, because she asked softly:

"What was it, Dick?"

"Remember Bill saying he was testing that new crate for Wintly—"

"That Wintly guy is screwy!" she yelled. "I wouldn't sit in one of his planes on the ground." I thought I heard a sob, which was something I never heard from her. But before I got a chance to tell her not to go blonde on me, she leveled off and said in a hard voice:

"Did he break his damned neck?"

"I don't know, Curly—I don't know," I whispered.

"I'll be right over," she said.

As I turned away I saw the boys around the field carrying in the body.

One of Wintly's mechanics came over to me after the crowd had moved on into the hangar. "It's not Wintly's fault, Dick," he said. "He's made some lousy crates in his time, but this isn't one of 'em. Hell, you know that. It was a sweet job. You said yourself it was the prettiest thing you ever saw on two wheels an' a tail skid. Why—"

"Yeah, I guess so," I said, but I didn't know whether that was the answer or not. The words hadn't more than gotten out of my mouth when I saw a streak of dust along the road next to the field. The car was going a good seventy, and right behind it a motorcycle cop was doing his best, which wasn't enough.

THE car pulled up a little at the turn into the field, but it missed the road thirty feet, jumped the ditch, and then pulled in. It was there, standing right in front of Squeaky and me, when the cop pulled up and said in a nasty voice:

"Say, you! You was going seventy!"

The redhead at the wheel said, with one of those smiles that gets under your skin and stays there, "Eighty, mister, or I miss my guess!"

"You're getting tough, are you, lady?" he snarled, but he wasn't mad.

"Listen, buddy," she chirped. "I can get tough with any of 'em! The best of 'em!"

It was time for Curly to pull her act and she did. She threw a silk-covered leg over the door of her roadster, paused a moment for the impression to sink in, and moved slowly out. When she faced me, she said:

"Where is he, Dick?"

"Inside," I said, and pointed toward the crowd inside the hangar.

Her eyes dropped, and those long lashes of hers lay against her cheek. Her lower lip twitched as she turned away.

"It's all right," I said to the cop, after she left. "Fellow just cracked up, and I guess the lady was sorta nuts about him."

The cop threw a glance over at the wreck, and I could tell by the look in his eyes that he was just one of the boys.

"I seen cracks in my time," he said. "That one is perfect."

"That's the way Bill always did things," I said.

"Bill?" he asked. "Bill who?"

"Oh, just a fellow name of Wild Bill. You wouldn't know him."

"Wild Bill!" he cried. "Not Wild Bill Evans?"

"Know him?" I asked.

"Listen, buddy," he said, and I knew he was speaking my own language. "I had a pal in the trenches the day this guy put on a fight with a big Hun outfit. Why, this pal of mine was one of the boys what pulled this Wild Bill out of his wreck. If what I get was right, you shoulda been there and seen what flyin' was."

"I guess I should," I said painfully.

"He had another fellow with him what got two, they tell me. Bill got three, and the other fellow two."

"No," I told him. "The other fellow got one, and Bill four."

"No, that ain't right," the cop insisted. "This pal of mine was there an' he seen it with his own eyes. Why didn't Bill stop? He mighta known."

"It's in the blood, old-timer," I said.

He looked at me, and I looked at him, and all of the time Squeaky was sitting alongside and puffing a cigarette. He was a hard boy.

About that time the ambulance came up and stopped. It wasn't there three minutes before it was gone. As it pulled away, Curly leaned out of the driver's seat and shouted:

"I'll be seeing you!"

Her voice was so hard I knew right off that she was about ready to crack.

I watched until they pulled down one of the side roads, and then I heard a voice in my ear:

"What's the matter, Hard Guy? Can't you take it?"

When I turned, Squeaky had a smirk on his face.

"Gimme a cigarette," I said.

He pulled out the makings and I started to roll one. When Squeaky saw my hand was shaking too much, he said:

"Here, Hard Guy, let me do it."

His was perfect. He offered it to me and gave me a light. After that, we sat on the gas tanks, where I puffed a while, and all the time I kept thinking about Curly and about Wild Bill.

"The louse had it comin' to him," Squeaky said in an offhand way. "That's the best way out of it for the old-timers."

"Listen, Squeaky," I said. "Somehow, I like louses. You're not my kind of a louse, but you're a louse."

IT may have been the way I said it that caused Squeaky to hold his tongue. Anyway, I went on:

"See, there are different kinds of louses. Me and Wild Bill are the kind who could go out and shoot a Hun full of holes an' have no feeling about it. You're the kind who could take that same Hun's girl away, and have no feeling about it. See? We could take a man's life, and you could take a man's love. That's the difference between us."

"Love!" he shot at me in a cloud of smoke. "What's that?"

"It's something you don't know anything about, Squeaky. It's something—" I paused then. I knew why, but I wasn't ready to tell. I was still turning over the cards.

"Say," said Squeaky, "forget the love stuff an' tell me about this redheaded dame. She looks a little screwy to me."

"She is," I said.

"Got a nice-lookin' limb. I saw one over in Baltimore just like that."

"She's never been to Baltimore," I said. "And, what's more, she's got the best legs this side of the Rio Grande, and I know."

"Boastin'?"

"No, I'm not boastin', but I been around—plenty."

I got up and went to the telephone and rang up the hospital. The ambulance hadn't got there yet, but I talked to the blonde.

"All right, Handsome," she said sweetly. "When it gets here, I'll phone you at the field."

When I got back Squeaky was still

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where I left him. I sat down at his side and after a while he said, " If that so-and-so gets knocked off, I might have a break with his girl. I like 'em a little screwy."

" See? " I said. " That's just what I been telling you about this love stuff. But you lay off Curly, because you'd be meat in her hands."

" Oh, I been around," he said. " But I never got next to one with her hair and eyes. Did you notice the lashes? "

" Yeah," I said. " I noticed them. They're nice."

I kept listening for the ring of the telephone, and I hardly knew what either of us was talking about. After a while Squeaky got up and walked into the hangar. He must have gone to his locker, because he came back with an almost filled bottle of whisky.

" Here, have a drink," he said. " You look pale as all hell."

I took two before I gave the bottle back to him. Maybe a minute passed before he handed it back to me and said, " You still got the shakes."

I poured the stuff down then.

" Why don't that there telephone ring! Why don't it? " I asked.

" Forget it, Hard Guy! " he said.

" How can I? We three been together eight years. Three of us, and now only two."

" Eight years? " said Squeaky.

" Sure. Curly threw in with us eight years ago. Just come in. She was our kind an' we knew it. She used to do parachute jumps for us. It was swell then. And now look at it. Now look at it! "

I went into the booth and dropped the nickel in the slot. When the blonde at the hospital got on the other end, she said:

" Say, Handsome, I thought this was a *little* crack-up. This is serious."

" How serious? "

" Plenty," she said.

" Is—is he going to die? "

" I don't know." Her voice trailed off into a whisper, as she added, " I just wanted to tell you all I knew. It's bad. I told the nurse to give me the dope as soon as she knows anything more."

" Thanks," I said. " Thanks."

When I got back to Squeaky, I was thinking how people shouldn't lose their sense of humor. I thought maybe he'd ask something about what I'd heard, but he didn't ask a thing. All he did was hand me the bottle and say, " May as well finish it as leave it in the shape you did."

That last drink got me.

Squeaky said, " You drunk? "

" No," I told him, " I'm not drunk. I hold my liquor. I can hold plenty of liquor. I always said I could hold more liquor than any one in the service. It never touches me at all. Yes, that's what I always said. . . . Listen, Squeaky. I didn't tell you about last night. You don't know my apartment. It's over that old speak. Three rooms, and not bad. Last night I walked into the place like I usually do. I always said knocking was for people who think they're going to find something they shouldn't. There they were, Curly and Bill, and they were in each other's arms."

I STOPPED and Squeaky leaned forward and blew out a mouthful of smoke. When my head dropped between my hands Squeaky didn't look. The ground got gray right there under my eyes.

" I've—I've had feelings in my life, Squeaky," I went on, " but I never had any feelings like the one I had then. They just looked at me without saying a word. I can't tell you how I felt then, but I'd have given everything I had to have come in later, or something.

" For an hour we tried to talk about something else, but it wasn't any use. No wisecracks from Curly—nothing. I guessed it right that it was all something new to her. I tried to talk and they tried to talk, but it wasn't any use, Squeaky. It just wasn't any use. We didn't say a word during the whole meal. Well, pretty soon Bill got up and said, ' I better be going.' I said, ' What for, Bill? Better stick around.' ' No,' he said, ' I got that new Wintly job to test tomorrow, and I promised to give it the works.'

" After he left, Curly turned to me and said, ' You heard the way he said that last about giving it the works? That sounded screwy to me.' And it was. Screwy as hell! See, she felt it, but I didn't until I saw Bill flatten out over the field and shake his hands like the day of the Voss show."

" Say," said Squeaky, " you don't think he cracked himself up, do you? " And he asked me that, him sitting there and slowly rolling another cigarette while he was still puffing on the last.

The telephone rang then, and I jumped up like I'd heard a shot. I ran in, put the receiver to my ear.

It was Curly.

" THERE'LL only be you an' me to dinner tonight," she said.

" What happened? "

" That other leg of his got smashed up. It was awful. They tried to save it, but he didn't want 'em to. He kept shouting: ' Shoot the works, doc! Shoot the works, because I'm a no-good louse ' ! "

" Did he say that, Curly? "

" Yeah, Dick, he said that. I was holding his hand when he said it. He wouldn't leave go."

I simply couldn't say anything, so Curly said:

" What did you say? "

" Nothing," I said.

" You know he was a good guy. We'll never find anybody to take his place."

" You're not tellin' me anything," I said. " I knew he was a good guy."

" I hate to think about him not being there tonight. We been eating together for about eight years. I simply can't think of looking at that empty place of his. I simply can't do it. But we'll have dinner just the same. Just you and me. But it'll be hell, won't it, Dick? "

" Sure," I said. " It'll be hell."

I wasn't sure then, but I thought I heard her sobbing. I guess it was more like a whimper than anything else, but it tore me inside out.

" I simply can't think about that empty place. I guess it's got me. You know what it'll be . . . and then . . ."

She talked on and on like that, until I knew it was getting too much for me, so I took the receiver away from my ear and stood staring at the mouthpiece. I waited a second or two, and when I listened again all I heard was: ". . . and him shooting the works . . ."

" Listen, Curly, listen," I told her. " You hold the wire."

I stumbled out of the hangar and over to where Squeaky was sitting.

" They tried to save Bill's leg," I explained, " but they couldn't do it. And he couldn't take it having no legs at all."

" What do you mean having no legs at all? "

" Oh, Bill only had one leg. He lost the other one taking that D-7 off my tail that time of the Voss show."

It wasn't until then that I remembered that Curly was hanging on to the other end of the telephone, and I said, " Now, listen, Squeaky. You come up tonight, won't you? It'd be hell, just the two of us together. We can't look at that empty place. We simply can't do it."

" What you mean, we? Will that screwy redhead be there? "

" Sure," I said. " She's always there."

" Well, Hard Guy, I'll be there. I'll—"

His eyes caught mine for only a second.

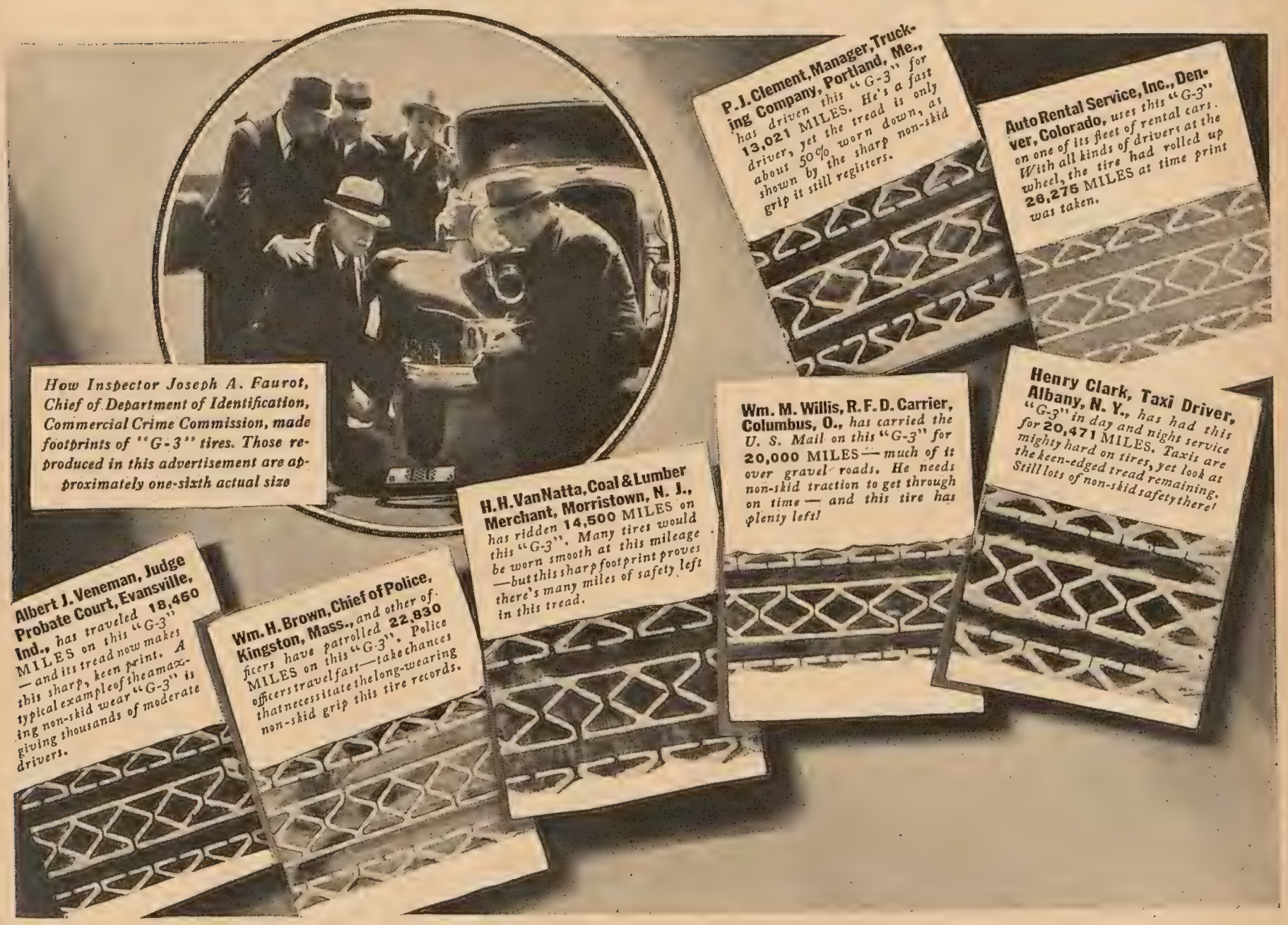
" I get it," he said, " but I'll be there anyhow."

I knew Curly would be pleased. She seemed to have forgotten that I was the only test pilot Wintly had left, and I didn't want her to think about it. I'd almost got to the hangar before I remembered about what Squeaky had just said.

" Sure, you get it," I called back to him, and I turned over my last card. " Curly will be there all right. See? She's my wife."

THE END

A FAMOUS TIRE WRITES ITS OWN STORY



How Inspector Joseph A. Faurot, Chief of Department of Identification, Commercial Crime Commission, made footprints of "G-3" tires. Those reproduced in this advertisement are approximately one-sixth actual size

P. J. Clement, Manager, Trucking Company, Portland, Me., *has driven this "G-3" for* **13,021** MILES. *He's a fast driver, yet the tread is only about 50% worn down, as shown by the sharp non-skid grip it still registers.*

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Albert J. Veneman, Judge Probate Court, Evansville, Ind., *has traveled* **18,460** MILES *on this "G-3" — and its tread now makes this sharp, keen print. A typical example of the amazing non-skid wear "G-3" is giving thousands of moderate drivers.*

Wm. H. Brown, Chief of Police, Kingston, Mass., *and other officers have patrolled* **22,830** MILES *on this "G-3". Police officers travel fast—take chances that necessitate the long-wearing non-skid grip this tire records.*

H. H. VanNatta, Coal & Lumber Merchant, Morristown, N. J., *has ridden* **14,500** MILES *on this "G-3". Many tires would be worn smooth at this mileage —but this sharp footprint proves there's many miles of safety left in this tread.*

Wm. M. Willis, R. F. D. Carrier, Columbus, O., *has carried the U. S. Mail on this "G-3" for* **20,000** MILES *— much of it over gravel roads. He needs non-skid traction to get through on time — and this tire has plenty left!*

Henry Clark, Taxi Driver, Albany, N. Y., *has had this "G-3" in day and night service for* **20,471** MILES. *Taxis are mighty hard on tires, yet look at the keen-edged tread remaining. Still lots of non-skid safety there!*

NOTE: *The footprints reproduced here are selected to represent* typical *rather than exceptional experience. Goodyear dealer files contain many records of vastly greater mileage. We seek to show performance under a wide range of driving conditions—and naturally all these tires are good for thousands of added miles of service.*

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He gathered records, such as you see here —direct testimony, written by the tires themselves—that prove "G-3's" broader, flatter, heavier tread is giving the public 43% longer non-skid mileage—or better!

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How safe are your tires? Ask your Goodyear dealer to take "footprints" and show you—and while you're there, let him show you footprints of "G-3" All-Weathers taken right in your neighborhood—local evidence of greater non-skid safety, longer wear and lower cost per mile that you can easily verify.

Let him show you also how Goodyear's patented Supertwist Cord in every ply insures maximum blowout protection—

—then ask yourself: "Why buy any tire that offers less safety, less mileage, when Goodyears cost no more?"

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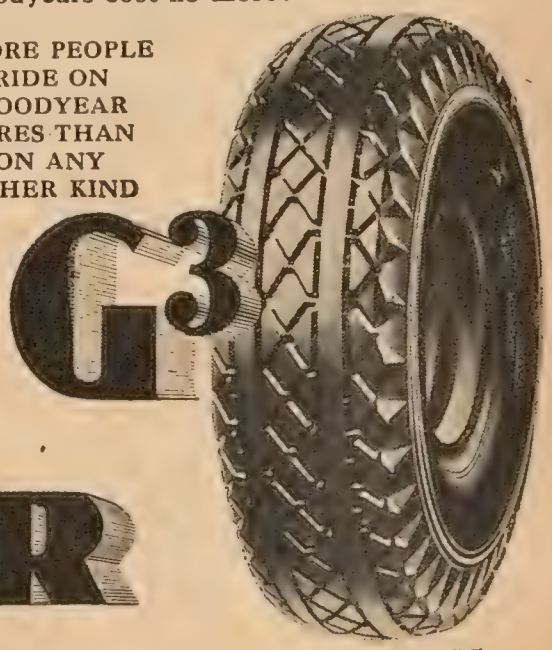

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

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CAN YOU TAKE a Joke?

by JACK GOODMAN and ALBERT RICE

WHEN the serpent finally convinced Eve that he was letting her in on something good, the first practical joke came to its satisfactory conclusion. Ever since, human beings with a touch of that serpent in their make-up have bustled happily about their business.

The novice who yearns to be a practical joker of stature must realize that it is necessary to hurry past the apprentice period of mildly inconveniencing his nearest and dearest by such outworn methods as putting tacks on their chairs or squirting water at them through nosegays. This is amateur stuff. He will, rather, take as his models masters like the two playwrights who happened to be in possession of the key to a friend's apartment. The friend's vulnerable point was his passion for a certain dessert.

They entered his home bearing heavy packages. They filled every available receptacle with water. Hot water. The sink, the bathtubs, pots, pans, the teakettle, the hot-water bottle, the umbrella stand—nothing was spared. Working with brisk thoroughness, they then dumped the contents of their packages in the hot water.

"There!" said one of them happily, as they rolled arm in arm to the door. "That should be enough lemon jelly for anybody."

If you attempt to dismiss practical jokers with a single unprintable expletive, you haven't given the subject enough thought. They vary all the way from the hilarious to the horrible. Lowest in the scale are the Cards. It is the Card who hands you dribble glasses, rubber rolls, exploding cigars. He is rarely practical and never a joker. These antics are his way of saying, "You're smarter and nicer than I am, but, oh boy, for one minute I'm going to make you look pretty foolish!"

A step higher is the Caperer. Suppose your phone starts ringing at four in the morning. You will creep, cold and sleepy, from your bed, and the cheery voice of the Caperer will come winging its way over the wires.

"This is the Telephone Company," he will say brightly. "Just testing."

Or he may walk down a street, any street, and stop suddenly near a crowded intersection. He will next shriek piercingly, stagger wildly about, and emit hollow groans, perhaps clutching violently at his leg. Well-disposed strangers will hurry to him with offers of assistance. He will then straighten up, stare about coldly, and trot off at a brisk athletic pace.

Still, the Caperer is only a pretender to the throne of practical jokedom. He seldom does any real damage. He can't hold a candle (except as a practical joke) to the Gadgeteer, the jokester who spends a whole lot of time, effort, and sometimes money on his hobby. The Gadgeteer, if he's good, is an actor with a knack for staging. Like the Caperer, he may be fairly harmless, as was the out-of-towner in New York whose landlady was the only human being he knew in the entire city. One night he brought home a tiny half-inch turtle and a box of turtle food.

"Don't feed it much," he said to the landlady. "This food makes turtles grow very quickly."

Next morning the landlady stared wide-eyed at the three-inch turtle which was moving about, obviously cramped for space, in the bowl. And her astonishment gave way to mounting panic as, morning after morning, the turtle grew and grew, until it was too large for anything but the bathtub.

"This will never do," said the Gadgeteer, frowning. "Besides, I have to take baths, and there's no place we can put him. I have another kind of food. Try it."

For a week thereafter the turtle diminished spectacularly in size and finally it disappeared completely.

Renting twenty turtles from an aquarium is no trouble at all for the confirmed Gadgeteer. Another expert needed only the material at hand—which was a very dear friend who was taking a train to Providence.

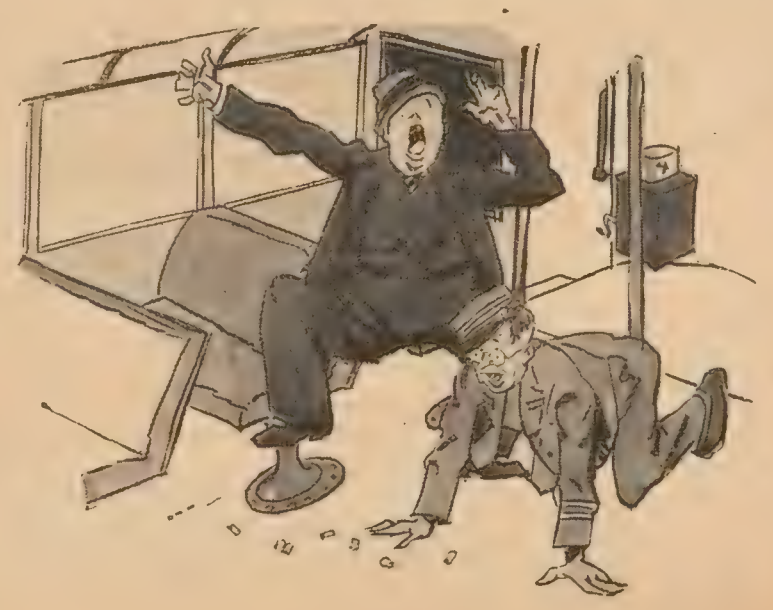
This Gadgeteer entered the parlor car and, while the friend was occupied with the porter, addressed himself to another passenger, a large athletic gentleman.

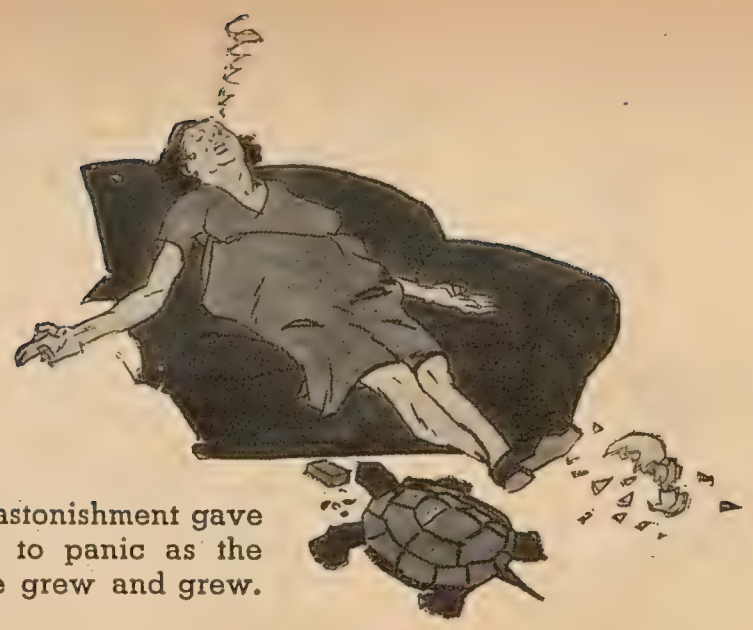
"My friend down there," he said sadly, "is one of the

These authors wrote I Wish I'd Said That, a best-seller, and have been enlivening the magazines. Meanwhile Jack is in advertising and Albert is with a publishing house. Their ages, which are nearly the same, add up to 53 years.

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

When the eighth tooth appeared he was simulating fury.





Her astonishment gave way to panic as the turtle grew and grew.

loveliest chaps in the world. But he's queer—just a little queer. May I take you into my confidence?"

"Certainly," said the large man.

"I always accompany him to the train when he leaves, and speak to some one I think I can trust in the same car. You see, whenever he takes a trip anywhere, he fancies that he wants to get off at Providence. Of course he's really going to Boston—people will be awaiting the train. I wonder if you would be so kind as to see that he stays on the train until he gets to Boston? It might actually require holding him by force."

"I'll be happy to!" said the large man, flexing his biceps meditatively. "Poor fellow!"

"Thank you. Thank you so much!"

Let's draw a merciful curtain over subsequent happenings, just closing with the remark of the large man to the conductor as the train pulled out of Boston.

"You know," he said thoughtfully, mopping his brow, "that man behaved sanely right up to the minute he tried to get off at Providence. Then, the farther he got away from Providence, the wilder he seemed to get!"

A veteran Gadgeteer was a partner in a china and glassware shop. His associate was very fussy and nervous, a man whose anguished cries rose instantly at sight of a nicked cup or saucer.

For nearly a year the Gadgeteer painstakingly collected bits of broken china. One day, chuckling fiendishly as his partner worked in the rear of the store, he placed the hamper in which he had stored his treasures on a high ledge—and pushed.

As the echoes of the mighty crash died down, he expectantly awaited developments. Nothing happened. Puzzled and disappointed, he went to the rear to investigate, to find his victim lying in a dead faint.

Not funny? Of course not. But when Gadgeteers get together, they consider this denouement a highly successful climax to a well thought out piece of work.

Then there was the gentleman who begged his dentist to save for him the next forty or fifty teeth he extracted. One day he left the dentist's office with these treasures, boarded a trolley car, and got to work.

First he muttered to himself, loudly enough for his neighbors to hear. He fumbled at his mouth. Fellow passengers watched, fascinated, as he drew forth a large tooth, looked at it sadly, and let it slide to the floor. A moment later he exclaimed a little louder, with more annoyance. A second tooth emerged.

By the time the eighth tooth had appeared the passengers were in a state bordering hysteria and the Gadgeteer was simulating black fury and stamping in rage. There were enough teeth left over to permit him to go home and frighten the daylights out of

Working with brisk thoroughness, they dumped the contents in the hot water.

If Not, Here's Warning Against Your Natural Enemies — Practitioners of an Ancient and Not-So-Honorable Black Art

his wife and small child. Altogether, everything worked splendidly.

But the only practical jokers worthy of the name are the Master Minds. Their attempts are really practical.

Jonathan Swift, Mark Twain, Samuel Johnson, Abraham Lincoln—all these achieved the master-mind status. Edgar Allan Poe did, too, when he took in the entire nation with a series of articles which appeared in the old New York Sun. He described with a sure and vivid touch the three-day nonstop flight across the Atlantic of a steering balloon piloted by a Mr. Monck Mason.

Richard Locke, also writing in the Sun just a century ago, startled the Western Hemisphere with dispatches purporting to come from the camp of a British astronomer in Africa. These stories told of a marvelous new telescope through which the moon had been found to have plants, animals, and flying humans!

Both Poe and Locke profited by their hoaxes. Not quite so much, though, as did the editor of the New York Journal in his one attempt during the Spanish-American War. The Journal, convinced that the rival World was stealing its news, ran a story which made much of the fact that a well known officer, Colonel Replife W. Thenuz, had been killed in action. In a later edition the World printed the same paragraph as a special dispatch.

A full page in the Journal next morning revealed to a delighted city that Replife W. Thenuz was nothing more nor less than a twisted arrangement of letters which spelled out the World's confession, "We pilfer the news."

A MORE modern example of the Master Mind at work: the gentleman in Washington who decided that a friend of his, a conservative fellow although professing all sorts of liberal tendencies, should be put to the test.

He invited the conservative to attend a ball to be given by a nudist group. "You undress when you get there, of course," he said reassuringly. "Some of the very highest people in the government are attending."

The conservative looked doubtful.

"Of course, if you feel that you don't *approve*—"

The conservative hastened to say that he did, and accepted the invitation.

On the night of the ball the victim was admitted by a butler who first made sure he had caught the name correctly, then ushered him into a room strewn with clothing. "You may leave your clothes here, sir, if you will," he said. "Then go through that door to the living room."

Somewhat reluctantly the conservative shed his clothing and stalked to the door. "Well," he said to himself, as he turned the knob, "I'll bet I won't look as silly as most of them in here." He would have lost the bet. The affair, it developed, was full-dress.

THE END

A Famous Director Spins the Blithe Yarn—Which Maybe You Haven't Heard—of Rosie, Mr. Halloran's Hippo, and a $40,000 Foible in Filmland

by WILLIAM de MILLE

READING TIME ● 31 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

Okay Mr. Wagley

IN front of an African camper's tent littered with explorer's equipment a young girl stood listening. The glaring light made a halo of her blonde hair. Her lovely bare arms were unscratched by jungle thorns and her immaculate complexion seemed quite immune to the tropical sun.

A moment later something crashed in the bushes. Seizing a rifle the girl turned quickly as a handsome young man emerged from the underbrush. Blood was running down his arm; his clothing torn, he was spent and panting.

The girl's eyes widened in horror. "Tom," she cried, "what's happened? Where are the others?"

"Gone," he said, his shoulders shaking. "Dead, or—worse."

She covered her face with a perfectly manicured hand and a low melodic sob burst from her.

"Lona," he went on with an effort, "we'll have to beat our way to the coast alone. Those black devils will be here any minute."

She raised her beautiful white arms imploringly.

"Oh, my God—if we—"

"Cut," said a voice.

The cameras stopped and the African sunlight suddenly went out.

"Listen, dearie," remarked "Hank" Manton, the director. "Don't you know you can't say 'My God' in a Purity picture?"

Alma Alden (born Annie Anik) looked at him with

Harris tried to head her off. Rosie gave her head a playful toss and Harris landed eight feet away

PICTURE BY FRANK SWAIN

that mixture of superb patience, defeated artistry, and restrained contempt which newly arrived leading ladies save for the director alone. "It's in the script, Mr. Manton."

"Has it escaped your pretty little head that this morning we changed 'Oh, my God' to 'Oh, the beasts'?"

"Well, when I get carried away with a scene—"

"Lunch," announced Hank, and instantly the stage was full of life: electricians climbed down from high scaffoldings; property men jumped forward, collecting "hand props"; the script girl made quick notes of hair and costume details of the two characters—a busy little army had filled the isolated jungle clearing.

"All right, dearie," said Hank to his leading lady. "Run along and feed the brain so it can remember."

Her smile had a chill in it as she swept away with the peculiar rhythmic propulsion of an ex-showgirl.

Hank, still on the set, glanced up to see two men bearing down on him. With a sigh he recognized Lester Wagley, his supervisor, or, as Lester much preferred to be called, the associate producer.

Lester was a small man with large tortoise-shell spectacles which made him look rather like an owl. He was the only nephew of the great Bruno Fox Wolfbinder, and as Mr. Wolfbinder was head of the studio and childless, Lester wore the royal purple with grace and dignity. "Hello, Hank," he called as they approached "Busy?"

Hank closed the script patiently. "Oh, no—no," he replied in a gently satiric voice, glancing inquiringly at Lester's companion, a long cadaverous individual also wearing shell-rimmed glasses.

"Meet Mr. Gerald Penfield, Hank," said Lester. "Gerald, this is Mr. Henry Manton, our ace director." The two men shook hands.

"You've probably read his last book, Hank," Lester went on. "Gee, it's a peach! What's the name of it, Gerald?"

"Monsoon," murmured Mr. Penfield.

"That's it," cried Lester; "only we're going to call it Moon Song. Gee, it's subtle! I tell you, Hank, this boy's got Lonsdale howling for help when it comes to snappy dialogue, so I got him to work over the last part of African Love Nest."

Hank looked puzzled. "African Love Nest—what's that?" he asked.

"Why, it's the name of your picture."

"Oh, is it indeed?" said the director. "The last time I heard of it it was Zulu Spears."

"Yeah, but New York didn't like it; the distribution department decided on African Love Nest—lots more sex, you see. I got the wire yesterday."

"It's a grand name," said Hank dryly, "but what's it got to do with the picture?"

"That's just what we've come to tell you about. You see, when Gerald and I went over the story together we got a great idea."

"It was Mr. Wagley's idea," said Gerald modestly, "I only wrote the dialogue."

Hank glanced quickly at the newcomer. "What's the idea?"

Penfield opened his mouth, but Lester, conference-trained, beat him to the words. "It's in the last sequence," he cried, "when they're on the trail and think there's no hope—see? They're standing by the bottom of a big tree when they hear a crashing noise—and what do you think they see?" He paused for dramatic effect.

"Shirley Temple?" suggested Hank.

Penfield's eyes widened and Lester's narrowed. "No, wise guy," said Lester acidly, "not Shirley Temple, but the biggest hippopotamus you ever saw coming right for them, see? They have to jump for it; then they have to stay up in the tree till it's safe, and *that's* where they play their love scene, see?—with cutbacks to the hippo to keep the menace alive. Oh boy, oh boy, it'll *wow* 'em!"

Lester was glowing with the joy of authorship; the director's face looked patient but tired.

"Subtle," he nodded, "very, *very* subtle. Too bad we can't write a few Lonsdale lines for the hippo."

Penfield looked scared; he felt the director did not share the supervisor's enthusiasm.

Lester resented Hank's lack of appreciation. "Well," he remarked, "*I* think that it's great."

"I see you do."

"Well, what's the matter with it?"

"It's hard to describe," said Hank sadly; "there's a certain word that seems to elude me—it rhymes with frowzy."

"A wisecrack isn't a reason."

"All right," Hank shot back, "if you want reasons. This holds up the story; we don't need another love scene here; they've just played one when he cuts her away from that man-eating tree, *and* it's going to cost like hell!"

Lester tried to interrupt, but the director was now in full swing.

"Furthermore," he went on, "we've had six authors already writing this yarn, each one with a different style, and I'm half nutty trying to make the characters talk as if they were the same people all the time—now if they're suddenly going to talk like Lonsdale—"

Lester shook his head mournfully. "The trouble with you, Hank," he said, "is you won't co-operate. Here I bring you an idea that'll *save* your damn picture and you get snooty about it. Well, I'm in charge of this show and I want this stuff *in*."

THE director stiffened perceptibly but his sense of humor came to the rescue. "So—them's orders, eh?"

"Yes," snapped Lester with all the decision of a big business executive.

"Okay, Mr. Wagley," said Hank with just a shade too much deference. "Of course you'll arrange for the extra expense; I'm well within my budget at present."

"Oh, that's all right," said Lester, somewhat mollified now that he had carried his point. "We'll build the set at Silver Lake, so's to have plenty of water."

With a gracious wave of his pudgy hand he turned away briskly, followed by the somewhat dazed Penfield.

Hank walked across the set to a wooden table at which Mildred Lee, the script girl, was busily typing her cutting-room notes on the morning's work. "Millie," as she was known in the studio, was a very capable young woman, as all script girls have to be; in addition she was keen, humorous, and beautifully feminine. Hovering near her was Bob Bates, the unit property man, waiting to take her to lunch. It was commonly known that Bob and Millie were "that-a-way" about each other. As Hank drew near Bob looked up with his slow good-natured smile. "Heavy conference, Mr. Manton?"

"Heavy for you, my son. Prepare for much trouble."

Millie, who knew every tone of her director's voice, stopped typing. Trouble for Bob was important to Millie.

"Oh," said Bob cheerfully, "that's what the prop department's for—trouble; we don't get orders for anything else. What is it this time?"

"Only a hippopotamus, Bob. Do you suppose we can borrow one without too much bother? Maybe you know a lady star who keeps one for a pet in her swimming pool."

"A hippo!" said Bob. "Good grief! And just when we were going to wind up the opera this week."

"That's pictures," said Hank resignedly. "Now you children better get your lunch, and you, Bob, get the dope. We'll have a conference in Mr. Wagley's office when we finish shooting."

WILLIAM DE MILLE

was born in Washington, North Carolina, and was graduated from Columbia University. Since 1900 he has been engaged in writing and directing plays and motion pictures. Among the best-known of his works are Strongheart and The Warrens of Virginia.

AS the director went moodily off the stage, Bob led Millie toward the commissary. "Look, hon," he pondered. "Why do you suppose they want to run a hippo into this work of art?"

Millie looked roguish. "Perhaps," she suggested, "they just want to get some one in the picture with more personal charm than Alma Alden."

Bob glanced at her quickly but said nothing. After all, girls are like that.

At six o'clock they were all in Lester Wagley's office. The conference was on.

"The set's a cinch," Lester was saying, "all okay with the police. You'll have the blueprint tomorrow, Hank."

"Thanks," said Hank. He was smoking a long cigar, huddled in an overstuffed chair, and feeling the reaction every director knows when the cameras stop for the day and he has spoken the magic words, "Wrap 'em up."

"So now all we need is the hippo," continued Lester. "Have you got the dope, Bob?"

"Yes, sir," said Bob. "There's one in San Diego, but they won't let him work in pictures."

"Why not?" demanded Lester. "We'll pay for him."

"The keeper said he's too temperamental; the last time they tried him in pictures he killed a man."

"Nonsense," said Lester. "That must have been a rhinoceros; hippos are just like cows."

"Oh, yeah?" murmured Hank from his chair. "Well, I remember this case, Lester; it *was* a hippo, and the man's widow still thinks he's dead."

"Anyhow, I've got one lined up in Chicago," Bob continued. "This one hasn't killed a soul, and she'll cost us twenty-five hundred per week and transportation."

"That's a lot of money for one animal," said the supervisor glumly.

"Now, Lester," soothed Hank, "you told me yourself the hippo's the most important thing in the picture."

Lester glared but didn't risk a retort. "You said 'she,'" he turned back to Bob. "Is it a female?"

"Yes, sir."

"Shes almost always are," mumbled Hank to himself.

"But I wanted a male, a big fierce male." Lester's short arms were waving; the throes of creative imagination were once more upon him. "There's no menace in a female," he asserted.

"Mr. Kipling says there is," countered Hank.

"Mr. Kipling isn't making this picture," snapped Lester, "and anyhow he didn't mean females were terrible to *look* at."

"Some are," sighed the director. "Oh boy, some are, especially the ones I'm expected to photograph."

Lester turned from him in disgust. "Lookit, Bob, can't you find a big fierce—"

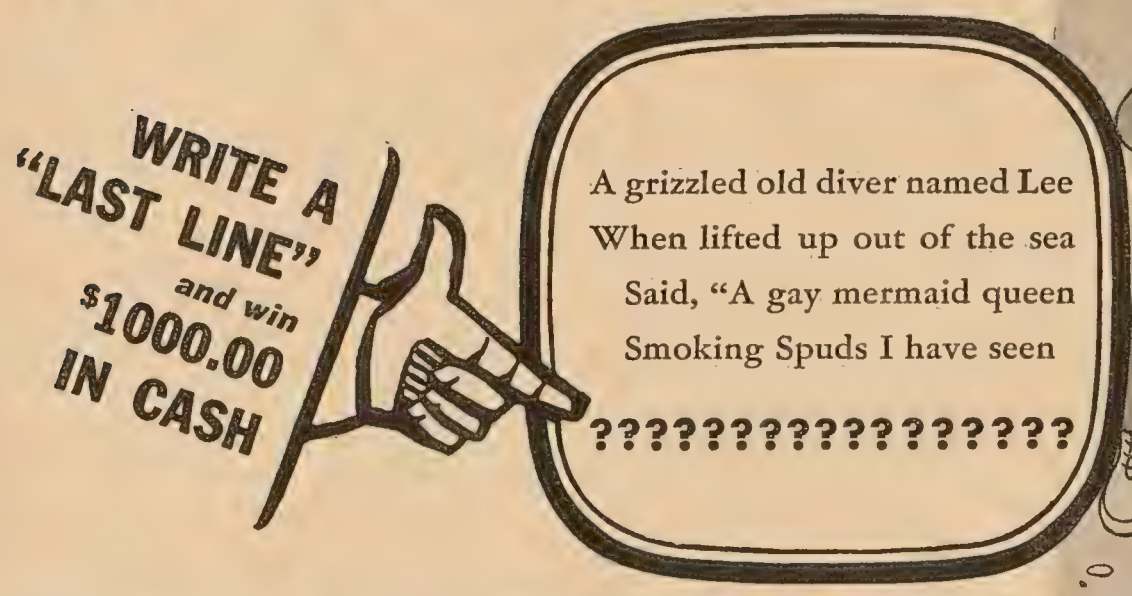
"They look just about the same, Mr. Wagley," said Bob, "and this one ought to be big enough."

"How big?" *(Continued on page twenty-two)*

SECOND SPUD LIMERICK CONTEST · CLOSING SEPTEMBER 17

$3,350 IN PRIZES

for LIMERICKS!


WRITE A "LAST LINE" and win $1000.00 IN CASH
A grizzled old diver named Lee
When lifted up out of the sea
Said, "A gay mermaid queen
Smoking Spuds I have seen
??????????????

1006 chances to win a prize. First prize, $1000.00.

438 additional cash prizes. And 567 cartons of Spuds.

THIS CONTEST CLOSES SEPTEMBER 17, 1935

Get out your pencils, Mr. and Mrs. John K. American. Here's a contest after your own hearts. For a good old laugh, there's nothing like writing a limerick. Any one can do it. And *some one's* suggestion for the little "last line" is going to be awarded $1000.00 in cash. And for those who don't win the first prize, there are 438 additional cash awards—from $200.00 on down. And, for good measure, 567 cartons of Spuds.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO

These contests are our way of getting you acquainted with Spud—*America's most refreshing cigarette*. We want you to discover for yourself how different its clean, fresh taste is from any cigarette you've ever known.

So get a pack of Spuds, cut off the face of the package, and write on the inside of the package-face your "last line" for the limerick above (you don't have to copy the whole limerick). Sign it with your name and address and mail it so that it reaches us by Sept. 17. You can send in as many "last lines" as you have package fronts. And that's all there is to it.

PRIZES GALORE

This isn't a "long shot" contest. You have 1006 opportunities to win—*for each "last line" you send in.* And, remember, you can send in just as many as you have Spud package fronts. If you send in ten "missing lines," for instance, you'll have 10,060 chances at the prizes.

But two things we can *guarantee* you'll win. A lot of fun out of the limericks themselves. And a brand-new experience in smoking pleasure. For Spud's not only the cigarette that invented a fresh, clean-tasting smoker's mouth. It's the cigarette whose secret formula unmasked an *entirely new flavor* in mellow tobacco, by ridding it of taste-spoiling heat. That's why Spud smokers say you can smoke them all around the clock—and each one will taste better than the last.

OFFICIAL CONTEST RULES

1. Any one can enter (except employees of The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., their advertising agents, or their families).

2. Write your "last line" of the limerick on the reverse side of a Spud package front (or a facsimile thereof), sign it with your full name and address, and send by first-class mail to *Contest Dept. G, The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Company, Inc., Louisville, Ky., in time for it to be received by Sept. 17, 1935.*

3. You may enter as many "last lines" as you wish, if they are all written on separate Spud package fronts (or facsimiles).

4. Prizes will be awarded on cleverness and aptness of the "last lines." Neatness and simplicity will count—elaborateness is unnecessary. Judges' decisions must be accepted as final. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

5. All entries become the property of the Company.

1006 PRIZES!
439 of them in cash!
First prize ..... $1000.00 cash
Second prize ..... 200.00 cash
Third prize ..... 100.00 cash
Fourth prize ..... 100.00 cash
10 prizes of $25.00 ..... 250.00 cash
425 prizes of $2.00 ..... 850.00 cash
567 prizes of a carton of Spuds 850.50
1006 prizes $3350.50

SPUD

CIGARETTES

CORK TIP OR PLAIN

15c FOR 20

(20c IN CANADA)

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INC., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

AMERICA'S MOST REFRESHING CIGARETTE

(Continued from page twenty) asked Lester judicially; having conceived this hippo he now felt rather an expert.

"Eighty-three hundred pounds."

Lester looked doubtful. "Don't they come any bigger?"

"I can't find another one of *any* size that we can get."

Lester assumed his strong, keen executive expression. "Then we'll make this one do," he decided. "How soon can you get her here?"

"Three days."

"Okay, Bob. Hop right to it. We'll rush the set and be ready for her when she gets here. Okay, Hank?"

"Okay." The director's voice sounded far away, like gentle wind through pine branches.

Bob was turning away to "hop to it" when he remembered. "Oh, Mr. Wagley," he said, "I forgot. They want to send a special man with her. He'll cost us thirty-five per week and all his expenses."

In spite of Lester's lack of height he immediately hit the ceiling. "I'll see 'em damned first!" he cried. "That's the kind of graft that makes pictures cost so much. It's not what we spend on 'em, it's what we *waste* on 'em! We got to pay a lot for a hippo because we haven't *got* a hippo, but we don't have to pay a lot for a man, because we got lots of men. Nix, nix, forget it."

"It might be good insurance, Lester," said Hank mildly.

"Insurance, hell!" screamed the supervisor banging his desk. "You heard what Mr. Wolfbinder told us at the efficiency meeting: 'the more we economize on little things, the more we'll be able to spend on big things.'"

Hank shrugged and relit his cigar. "Think your boys can handle her, Bob?" he asked.

"We'll make a stab at it, sir."

"You're darn tootin' you'll make a stab at it," said Lester. "You get that hippo out here without any valets or bridesmaids and not one cent of waste expense."

"Okay, Mr. Wagley," said Bob, starting for the door.

"By the way, Bob," said Hank's drawling voice, "has this little river horse got a name?"

"Yes, sir," said Bob with an understanding grin. "Her name's Rosie."

BOB was talking, long-distance, to Mike Halloran, Rosie's keeper, in Chicago.

"But what'll the poor little thing do without me?" Halloran was saying. "Sure it's lonely she'll be on that long trip an' no friend to talk to her."

"I know it's tough," said Bob, "but I've got my orders and I can't do a thing about it. I've wired the baggageman that you'll tell him how to take care of her."

"I sure will," said Halloran. "Ye see, she's got to be kept wet all the way, or her skin gets hard an' she gets sick. Did ye ever play nursemaid to a hippo?"

"No, this is my first shot at it."

"Then let me tell you a couple o' things," said the keeper. "They got no brains at all; they just got likes an' dislikes. Why, I meself wouldn't walk between Rosie's head and a wall."

"What would she do?" Bob was vitally interested.

"Nine times out o' ten, nothin' a tall; the tenth time she'd just bash me against the wall with her head; just in fun ye understand, but they'd have to take me off the wall with blottin' paper."

"I'll be careful," Bob assured him, "but I've got to handle her and I'd like to know how to make her mind."

"Ye don't," said Halloran cheerfully. "Ye've got to make her want to do what you want her to do."

"But suppose I can't?"

Halloran's tone was a superb blending of sympathy and prophecy. "Well," he said, "that'll be just too bad."

Three days later everything was ready at Silver Lake.

On the western bank had sprung up, almost overnight, a Central African jungle, cunningly devised to mask all signs of civilization on the opposite shore, but showing water through the foliage.

A narrow trail, apparently beaten down by heavy animals, wound its way through the tangle down to the water's edge. This was the path Rosie was to tread on her screen debut. The trunk of an enormous tree, full of ingeniously concealed handholds and footholds, stood at the trail's edge. This was the tree up which the terrified lovers were just barely to escape the anger of the maddened brute.

Runways had been laid at the side, so that the cameras could accompany the hippo down the trail.

Actors and cameras had been carefully rehearsed. They were waiting for Rosie.

Around a curve in the road came a motorcade led by a giant studio truck and followed by several cars full of property men, grips, and members of the "swing gang." In the truck was a large iron-barred cage, and in the cage was Rosie. She was lying on her side. She wasn't feeling well. In spite of the fact that she had been hosed down at every service station on the line for nearly three days, she felt her skin drying and hardening. She didn't like it. She wanted immersion.

"Put her cage down at the head of the trail, Bob," said the director. "She'll probably want to get to the water. We won't rehearse her. We'll shoot her as she goes down the trail and then wait and get her coming out."

"You've got to get those shots today, Hank," said Lester, "then we can ship her back tonight and close the picture."

"Tell it to Rosie," said Hank. "It's up to her."

THE cage was now on the ground, with its gate opening on the trail. In spite of all care it had landed with a bump which added not at all to Rosie's peace of mind. She rose quickly and stood swaying on her short legs, her wicked little eyes blinking.

Hank looked at his new leading lady with some misgivings. Rosie's head was raised, scenting the air; she had smelled water, natural water, not out of a hose, and mingled with this delicious odor was that of wet vegetation. Rosie was anxious for the cage gate to be opened.

"Well," said Hank, "here goes. Set your reflectors, boys."

Instantly a dozen men opened screens faced with tin foil. With these they reflected the sun into the set, all ready to high-light Rosie and the other two actors in every changing position of the scene.

"All ready, Larry and Alma?" called Hank to Larry Floyd, the tall young leading man.

They were ready. This was period number six in the costume plot of the flight through the jungle, and the pitiless briers and brambles had divested them of clothing to the very edge of the Hays code.

"Cameras ready?"

"Okay," answered the chief cameraman.

"All right," said Hank. "*Turn 'em over.*"

The power wagon in the rear began to hum. "They're turning," called the cameraman.

Hank waved to the two actors, who began to play their scene. At the proper moment, when Alma had just heard mysterious sounds approaching, Hank turned to Bob and Bob raised the gate of Rosie's cage.

Rosie slowly emerged and stood with her feet once more on mother earth. She paused and closed her eyes as if some half-forgotten memory of the Nile was beating its way into her minute brain. She was remembering through her nose, her keenest sense; her eyes saw not the trail which was to lead her to the cinema public; her African heart and her dehydrated skin yearned for one thing only—water, water everywhere on her body.

She opened her eyes in order to follow her nose. The scent of glue and plaster which pervaded the artificial jungle did not call to her. She started to take the shortest route to the water.

The shortest route was *not* down the trail, but behind the cameras and quite outside the set.

Phil Harris, the assistant director, tried to head her off. He was in front of her and flapped his cap in her face to turn her.

Rosie gave her head a playful toss, and Phil Harris, after a short aviation trip, landed eight feet away, landed on his back, his breathing apparatus completely deflated.

"Cut!" yelled Hank. "Head her off, boys!"

There was a concerted rush after the hippo, but it was too late. Rosie gathered speed and with a *whoosh* of

perfect enjoyment, entered the lake.

Hank strode over to the recumbent Harris. "How about it, Phil? Hurt much?"

"I'm—okay—sir," gasped Harris as he gradually introduced air once more into his system.

"Good," the director said with relief. "Our new star seems quite irresistible. Well, we'll take the boats and see if we can round her up."

Meanwhile Rosie was having what is known as a "swell time." She lay in the water about fifty feet offshore, nothing showing but her ears and nostrils. This was heaven. Once more she closed her eyes, but this time in utter peace. Rosie didn't care if she *never* came out.

Bob was organizing his flotilla of six rowboats with two men in each, one to row and the other armed with a long pole for prodding.

Millie Lee came to him looking worried. "Listen, Bob," she said. "I hate to have you go after that hippo in a little boat like this."

"Well, kid, we've got to get her ashore."

"But maybe she doesn't *like* boats."

Bob looked at the girl. Her eyes were troubled and her voice had a little shake in it. She was scared to death—for him. It was grand. "Don't you worry, hon," he flourished his long pole. "Gee! I feel just like St. George going after that dragon. How about wearing your glove in my helmet?"

She returned a gallant grin. "Godspeed, Sir Robert, but for Pete's sake watch your step."

IT was all right to be gay and brave, but the girl's knees shook a bit as she watched the boats begin to surround the floating island that was Rosie. The happy hippo seemed not to notice the boys as they began to yell and splash with their oars and poles.

"She's asleep," called one of the men. "How can we shoo her to shore if she won't wake up?"

"I'll wake her up," Bob called back. "You boys make as much fuss as you can, and I'll bump her with the boat."

Hank Manton, watching from the edge of the set, felt his arm gripped tightly. He glanced down and realized that his script girl, her eyes on the water, was hanging on to him and didn't know it. The little boat darted forward, straight for Rosie's rear. Pandemonium broke loose as the others obeyed orders and "made as much fuss as they could."

Sick with fear though she was, Millie could feel the veteran director get tense as the moment of impact approached. What would the beast do if it really got angry? Break the boats to pieces? Kill the boys as they vainly swam for safety?

The moment had come. Bob, crouched in the bow, braced himself for the collision.

With perfect timing, Rosie quietly sank, and the boat passed smoothly over the water she had so recently occupied. As his boat stopped and turned, he called, somewhat sheepishly:

"Use your poles, boys! Poke her out."

They used their poles but they didn't "poke her out." They could reach bottom but they couldn't find Rosie.

Rosie was *spurlos versenkt.*

As they continued to probe for the vanished pachyderm, they heard Hank's voice call to them. He was pointing to another part of the lake. There, on the surface, almost fifty yards away, were the familiar ears and nostrils. Rosie had resumed her nap.

"Come ashore, boys," called Hank. "We'll have lunch and let the little river horse soak. When she gets wet enough, she'll come out, and then we'll get to work."

At lunch, eaten out of boxes wherever there was shade, Lester Wagley was worried.

"Listen, Hank," he said. "Here's half the day gone and nothing in the can."

"It's up to your amphibious friend out there," said Hank; "everything else is shot."

Lester nodded. "Yes, I know."

"It costs a lot to hold a company idle on location."

Lester nodded again. He knew that too.

"Now, listen, Lester," continued

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MAN about MUM

THAT'S too bad, now — to have *this*, of all things, come between you and that man who is "practically perfect" about everything else.

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Hank coaxingly, "if we really *needed* this scene—"

The supervisor was instantly up in arms.

"Are you suggesting that we cut it out?" he asked sharply.

"Well," said Hank, "if we do, we only lose the seventy-five hundred."

"No, *sir!*" Lester was getting excited. "Are you going to lay down and let one hippopotamus lick the whole Purity Pictures Company? Is that the kind of a director you are?"

"Okay, Mr. Wagley," said Hank. "We'll stay with it till Christmas if such be your desire."

After lunch they tried several times to herd Rosie with boats but no progress was made. They tried putting tempting food on the bank and laying a floating trail of it to bait her to land, but Rosie wasn't hungry. Then they just sat down to wait until the hippo wanted to come ashore. When darkness came Rosie hadn't moved.

The second day was a repetition of the first, except that Rosie, now rested and refreshed, was feeling more coy and skittish. No boat could approach within thirty feet before she disappeared from view for ten or fifteen minutes, invariably reappearing in some utterly unexpected place.

This continued throughout the week with no change in the situation. Lester Wagley was fit to be tied; Hank, the imperturbable, was starting his third pound of pipe tobacco.

On the eighth day the watchmen who guarded the set at night reported that Rosie had come ashore about two A. M., eaten heartily of the food left for her, and had even walked down the trail in the precise manner called for by the script. When the watchmen, taking their courage in both hands, had revealed themselves and tried to urge Rosie toward her cage, the playful pachyderm had snorted in their faces and rushed back into aquatic security.

On the tenth day appeared on the set no less a person than Mr. Bruno Fox Wolfbinder.

"Hi, Hank!" said the great man. "I just heard you're having some trouble up here."

"Hello, B. F.," said Hank. "I had a feeling you'd hear about it one of these days. But you're right, we *are* having trouble."

"Lester tells me you can't make this, now, hippo work."

"Lester is even more correct than usual."

"But, Goddlemighty," cried B. F., "she's ruining the studio, she's eating up all the profits of the picture, and we haven't even got the picture! Why don't you *do* something about it?"

Hank managed to look like an unjustly accused child. "*Do* something, B. F.? Why, we've done *everything*. We've offered her a long-term contract at more money; I've even offered to *marry* the girl."

"You should joke at a time like this," said B. F.

"Well," asked the director, "what do you suggest?"

The head of the studio pondered, then, with one of those flashes of intuition for which he was noted, he decided to use the only weapon which had never failed him—his Excalibur, his sword of the Nibelungs: money.

"I tell you what I suggest," he said, raising his voice so that the assembled company could hear. "I'll give a thousand dollars to *any* one who finds a way to get that thing out of the lake and make her work." Having uttered this complete solution of the difficulty, he strode from the set. He never risked an anticlimax, not B. F.

Bob had driven Millie home. The poor boy was desperate. After all, Rosie was the responsibility of his department; it was up to him to find a way.

Millie knew what was on his mind, and smiled. "Bob," she said, "could you use a thousand dollars?"

Bob came out of a brown (and blue) study. "Could I? Why, hon, every thousand berries in the bank is just a few more wedding bells hung on our line."

"Then listen." She began to talk earnestly. After a few minutes Bob reached for the telephone.

Next morning on the set it was the same old story: everything was ready but Rosie. They waited as usual.

During the eleven days' holdup, Alma Alden was half through Anthony Adverse. If Rosie stood firm, Alma

The WORLD of TOMORROW

No. 7—Grandfather Comes to Life

by RAY CUMMINGS

THEY are going to bring your grandfather to life today. Naturally you are excited and thrilled. He is your only close relative; all the rest are permanently dead.

Ever since you can remember you have looked forward to this day—the date set twenty years ago when you were an infant and your grandfather, then forty-five, offered himself to science as the pioneer of this experiment. You have been told all the details, of course. Grandfather always was an adventurous fellow. When his son and his son's wife were killed in the crash of an old-fashioned airplane—and you, just an infant, miraculously escaped—grandfather handed you over as a ward of the Scientific Society, and offered himself for the experiment.

That was back in 1935. The thing created something of a turmoil; there was a lot of adverse criticism; several organizations tried to stop what they called this "suicidal attempt to get publicity." People back in 1935 weren't very scientifically enlightened.

You were taught by the Scientific Society, even when you were a child, the main principles of what they did to grandfather. Sodium citrate was injected into his blood stream. This destroyed the fibrogen of the blood. Fibrogen causes coagulation after death, and that had to be avoided. Then they placed him in a sealed glass cylinder into which oxygen and ether were pumped until he was under the anesthetic—then carbon dioxide was added until he died.

Then his body was dehydrated and was frozen solid. When you grew old enough, the scientists often let you go and gaze at him. All your life you have looked forward to having him for a pal.

And now the momentous day has come. You sit on the platform facing the big audience of assembled scientists and newscasters. You are trembling; but not with apprehension, only with excitement, because though back in 1935 the experiment was considered hazardous, everybody knows now that it is not hazardous at all. You watch while grandfather is slowly thawed; you see the grave and efficient white-robed surgeons injecting adrenalin and ephedrine into the heart; and then blood into the veins.

Grandfather comes to life. He is the only man in the world who has been "dead" for as long as twenty years. What a wonderful thing it is. He lies tonight in the white hospital bed, slowly regaining his mental and physical normality.

Now you who read this may say I've got the date wrong. That couldn't happen in 1935. But in the spring of 1935, Dr. Ralph Willard of Los Angeles did just these things to a warm-blooded animal—a guinea pig. He kept it "dead" four days, and revived it none the worse for its experience. Four days, four years, or twenty years—there is no theoretical difference. And I understand that experiments are to be made with dogs, monkeys; and finally, if possible, with humans.

So grandfather's adventure wasn't very fantastic, was it?

would be practically educated before they got the shot.

Bob and Millie were talking nervously by the trunk of the big tree. "It's time he was here," said Millie. "Oh, Bob, I'm scared. D'you think it'll work?"

"If it doesn't," answered Bob, "I'll lose my job. If it does, I'll probably lose my job."

Hank was reading The Anatomy of Melancholy, a work he had always wanted to have time to consume.

Most of "the boys" were shooting craps.

Lester Wagley wasn't there; he had left word to be called if anything happened.

At ten o'clock a studio car came screeching around the turn, from which descended a mild little man with red hair and rough hands.

Bob rushed up to the car. "Halloran?"

"The same," said Mike.

"Come along." Bob grabbed the Irishman by the arm and led him to Hank. "Mr. Manton," said Bob, "this is Mike Halloran, Rosie's keeper."

"Good work," said the director, wringing Mike's hand. "I've been wanting to meet you for some time, Mr. Halloran, but professional courtesy prevented my sending for you. Who was brave enough to disobey orders?" he added, looking at Bob.

"It was Millie's idea, sir, but I guaranteed the money personally; thirty-five per week and expenses. It'll come to about two hundred if we finish in a week."

"Now, Mr. Halloran," said Hank, "your little pet is rapidly putting our company out of business. Can you make her work?"

"What do you want her to do?"

THE scene was explained to Mike. The company, sensing a new development, was again on its toes, nervous and eager.

"I'll have to talk to her," said Mike when he understood the situation.

"That's okay," said Hank. "We'll make the shot a silent and put sound in afterward. The dialogue is all in the close-ups."

"Better have everything ready," said Mike.

"It's been ready for eleven days," said the director. "All right, boys, get set. We'll take the last scene first, where she comes out of the water."

The company buzzed with a new activity. Hope had returned.

Halloran walked down to the water's edge and gave a peculiar whistle. Rosie's ears came to attention.

"Hi, Rosie!" called Halloran. "Want an apple, girl?"

He took a large red apple from his pocket and waved it in the air. "Come on, Rosie, me pet."

A distinct quiver ran through the silent company as the hippo's head came slowly about and gently moved toward shore.

"She's coming," said Mike in a low tone.

The director was afraid to speak. He turned toward the power wagon and his arm silently described circles in the air meaning "Turn 'em over." Bob unconsciously grasped Millie's arm but Millie didn't feel it. She was praying. Halloran's gentle coaxing was the only sound in the world.

"Ah, me poor little pet," he soothed, "were ye gettin' lonely, girl? Come on now, come to old Hal an' git yer nice juicy apple."

Up the bank came Rosie, water streaming down her sides. She ignored the silent motionless figures around her. She had eyes, ears, and nose only for Halloran, her friend and purveyor of dainties.

As Rosie moved forward the cameras slowly and quietly receded, Mike keeping abreast of them to be out of the picture. Up the trail they went, to the very top, where Rosie finally overtook her trainer and got the apple.

"Cut," said Hank.

A VAST collective sigh of joy and relief rose to heaven—so far so good. But the main shot was still to come. Rosie must go down the trail alone.

"That'll be easy," said Mike. "Rosie'll be ready for the big scene in about two hours."

They waited, while Rosie dried off. Finally she began to feel her skin getting too hard. She became restless.

"Ready to go, Mr. Manton?" asked the trainer.

Hank nodded and gave quick tense orders almost in a whisper. Another apple appeared from Mike's capacious pocket. Rosie eyed it with interest. "Want it, Rosie?"

Her mouth opened wide in expectation. A signal passed from trainer to director and the cameras were turning.

"No, no, Rosie," said Mike. He rolled the apple down the trail, taking care that the hippo saw where it went. "Go get it, Rosie," and Mike gave her a hearty slap on the hindquarters to start her off.

Shaking her massive head as if to say, "Oh, well, it doesn't matter. I was going down there anyhow," Rosie started along the trail.

The actors went into their scene; the cameras rolled alongside Rosie as she passed the tree on schedule, and the lovers apparently barely escaped with their lives. Then Rosie picked up her apple daintily at the edge of the lake and glided gracefully into the water and below the surface.

"Cut!" yelled Hank. "Gosh! Have we got it? How is it, Rip?"

"Perfect," said the cameraman.

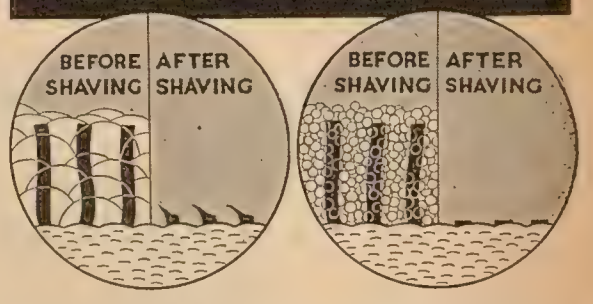
The shot was made, finished, in the can.

"Oh, Bob," gasped Millie, "it worked—you've done it!"

"*You've* done it, you mean." He kissed her, and no one even saw them.

In the midst of the excitement a huge Rolls-Royce came to a screaming stop and B. F. and Lester emerged. "I hear she's out!"

MEN!
LET THESE BUBBLE PICTURES SHOW YOU HOW TO GET A SKIN-LINE SHAVE



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★ Shinola White Cleaner dries quickly. After drying, the shoe should be rubbed or brushed. Shinola cleans and whitens; removes all stains and will not discolor shoes.

shouted the supervisor, rushing up to Hank. "When are you going to take the shot?"

"It's took. The picture's finished," said Hank. "From the time the keeper got here, the whole thing took about three hours."

"Keeper?" Lester looked blank.

Bob came up to take his medicine. "I guess I disobeyed orders, getting that keeper here, Mr. Wagley. Do I get fired?"

Before Lester could answer B. F. spoke: "Fired! You get the Victoria Cross."

"Just the same," said Lester, "you ought to have asked me."

"There wasn't time and—"

"Oh, well," Lester was feeling magnanimous, "we'll let it go this time."

"You bet you'll let it go," said Hank dryly. "That little river horse was costing this company just four thousand bucks per day. She held us up, idle, for ten days—that's forty grand—and all to save a railroad fare and seventy dollars for a keeper. Gosh, ain't efficiency wonderful?"

Lester looked thoughtful.

"And don't forget, B. F.," Hank continued, "you owe this lad one thousand berries, *and* Halloran's expenses are on the company."

"Sure, sure." B. F. was purring. "That's okay. I'd've made it two thousand if he'd thought of it ten days ago."

"He thought of it—" Hank began, and then stopped. After all, one can't tell tales out of school. "Oh, well." He turned to Halloran. "Mr. Halloran, out there in that beautiful body of water, which will some day be drunk by Hollywood citizens, lies your Rosie. She is yours. We release her unconditionally. Take her away."

"Just a minute." It was Lester, feeling once more like an executive. "Just a minute. How about retakes?"

"Lester," said Hank grimly, "I don't know how much life insurance you carry, but you'd better double it before you say 'retake' to me."

Three weeks later they were all in the projection room at the studio. They had just finished an executive showing of Rosie's picture. Rosie herself was magnificent—but the picture was too long.

"I tell you, boys," Mr. Wolfbinder was saying to Hank and Lester, "I'm crazy about the picture, but something's got to come out. Now that hippo stuff—"

Lester saw what was coming and beat him to it. "It's lugged in," said the supervisor; "it doesn't quite belong. If we cut any other sequence we'll spoil the story. The yarn'll be smoother with the hippo stuff out."

Gerald Penfield was gazing at Lester, hypnotized.

"Attaboy, Lester." B. F. was pleased that his nephew's thinking showed the same masterful quality as his own. "You sure can put your finger on the weak spot."

Lester smiled modestly and turned to Penfield. "Look, Gerald, old boy," he said with great sympathy, "I liked that hippo idea when you first wrote it. I even fought for it, but you can see it won't work. I was afraid it wouldn't. Generally you're sure-fire, old man, but this time you've missed."

Gerald could only nod.

Hank smoked quietly. The hippo stuff had cost $42,857.36.

B. F. beamed. His nephew would make a great studio head some day.

Lester turned with quiet power to the film editor. "Cut out all the hippo stuff," he commanded.

"Okay, Mr. Wagley."

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person, the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—How can you use your watch as a compass?

2—Is a pitometer used to measure the length, breadth, depth, or capacity of a pit or shaft?

3—Which of the major baseball leagues is the older?

4—Was Armand Jean du Plessis a famous French artist, sculptor, poet, or scientist?

5—What is the difference between intrastate and interstate commerce?

6—In what sport is the term "eagle" used and what does it mean?

7—Does a cartographer have anything to do with the designing of carts, wagons, etc.?

8—How many United States soldiers in the World War were killed in action or died of wounds received in action as compared to those who died of disease?

9—When a new state is added to the Union, when is the star representing it added to the national flag?

10—What island of the Western Hemisphere is touched by an ocean, a sea, and a gulf?

11—What prize fight drew the largest gate receipts?

12—Does the United States so-called Cable Act of 1922 have any regulatory control over trans-oceanic cable companies?

13—Is *Bombyx mori* the name of an animal, vegetable, chemical, or mineral?

14—Do both of the major baseball leagues consist of the same number of clubs?

15—Do all of the forty-eight states impose the death penalty for murder?

16—Is a salamander an insect, a rare gem, a bird, or a new flower?

17—Where is the longest steel-arch bridge in the United States?

18—Will a dog bitten by a *Ctenocephalus canis* die?

19—When was the first Rotary Club organized?

20—What is the fifth line of the quotation "All that glisters is not gold"?

(Answers will be found on page 35)

TRAGICAL, CYNICAL, COMICAL

A Tolstoy Classic, Lavishly Revived, Engages the Glamorous Garbo; a Broadway Hit Amusingly Examines the Ways of Puppy Love, and a Comedy from the Good Old Days Does Well by Mr. Rogers

by BEVERLY HILLS

4 stars—Extraordinary
3 stars—Excellent
2 stars—Good
1 star—Poor
0 star—Very Poor

READING TIME
15 MINUTES 17 SECONDS

Greta Garbo and Fredric March in a scene from Anna Karenina, Count Tolstoy's tragedy.

★ ★ ★ ANNA KARENINA

THE PLAYERS: Garbo, Fredric March, Freddie Bartholomew, Maureen O'Sullivan, May Robson, Basil Rathbone, Reginald Owen, Phoebe Foster, Reginald Denny, and others. Directed by Clarence Brown. From the story by Leo Tolstoy.

THE glamorous Garbo's latest film, Anna Karenina, is so overloaded with production value that it is rather difficult to get into the people of its tragic story. There are lovely scenes of dances in the Russian courts; whole railroad stations, perfect to the slightest detail, built on the studio sound stages; gorgeous costumes and banquet scenes—but all this abundant lavishness does nothing so much as dwarf and stultify the players.

Moviegoers who remember Love, the silent version of the Tolstoy divorce document, may be surprised to learn that Anna Karenina is no portrayal of emotional giants in the throes of grand passion. Rather it is a more honest, and unfortunately less compelling, pictorialization of two sensualists caught and dragged to their doom by the rigid ties of convention.

When Garbo leaves her husband, Basil Rathbone, and their child, Freddie Bartholomew, to take her costly freedom with Fredric March, and he forsakes his swank regiment, their illicit love affair sinks to a prolonged spell of unpleasant bickering. Outcast by society, strangers in every land, the love-bound couple paint a realistic picture of people tricked by their impulses.

It is a surprising thing to see Garbo playing a querulous housewife. But that is what she is, essentially, in this picture. The dialogue, which is generally stiff and lifeless throughout, has the sex-laden Anna complaining incessantly that March no longer loves her. And when he finally does pack up and leave for an adventurous war, it is done in an understandable air of grateful escape from her continued bad humor.

Though of course dated as any study on the divorce problem, Anna Karenina remains a distinctive picture. Garbo is still Garbo; and March, a bit weary of military uniforms and seduction, makes a creditable leading man. Freddie Bartholomew, Basil Rathbone, Maureen O'Sullivan, and especially Reginald Owen, leaders in the gilt-edged supporting cast, all do really splendid work.

VITAL STATISTICS: This is the second whack Garbo's had at Moscow Annie's Amatorial Difficulties. With Gilbert as Vronsky, she wrestled passionately through seven reels of it back in the nonpareil '20s. It was a silent picture called Love (pronounced Lahv); but such was the screen life of its protagonists you could hear the panting all over the theater. Love probably cost around $750,000, this almost twice as much. . . . Script prepared by Clemence (Bill of Divorcement-Will Shakespeare) Dane at $3,000 per week, and Salka Viertel, confidant and adviser of the Garbo herself, who must needs be cut in on all Garbo vehicles at about a grand a seven-dayser. . . . Garbo was pretty well considered in a poor spot before Anna, who is supposed to bring her to life. Her pictures were growing poorer and there was talk of cutting her down to a mere $300,000 a year. But Anna's forced her salary up to $500,000 for next year, when she will do two pictures at $250,000 apiece to earn this Scotch-tip money. The Matchless Garbo, immediately after Anna fell under the wheels of the Moscow Express, left for Sweden. Anxious to avoid photographers, she boarded the train at Pasadena, running across a field with a blanket over her head. She forgot herself for a moment to allow herself to be photographed en train, and then was reported to have broken down and smiled once aboard the lugger bearing her Swedenward; but since then all is darkness. . . . Freddie March is supposed to have been not so much at ease as Vronsky. He's beginning to weary of steam-heated romantic roles. . . . $25,000 worth of comestibles, or more food than there is in Russia today, including a half ton of caviar and $1,500 worth of roast meat, is used in the opening officers' revel. It was all real food and the participants were asked to come hungry and eat often. . . . That bloodcurdling scream one hears over the M-G-M lot these days is not the cry of a wounded banshee but young Freddie Bartholomew using the cry of Tarzan to summon his Aunt Sissie. . . . André Tolstoy, relative of the late Count Tolstoy, taught the boys and girls to pronounce those mouthfuls of names.

★ ★ ★ ACCENT ON YOUTH

THE PLAYERS: Sylvia Sidney, Herbert Marshall, Philip Reed, Astrid Allwyn, Holmes Herbert, Catherine Doucet, Ernest Cossart, Lon Chaney, Jr., Nick Foran. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. From the play by Samson Raphaelson.

ACCENT ON YOUTH is a brightly intelligent and well acted little picture that offers a good share of en-

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HOTEL PARK CHAMBERS

tertainment, as it shows that love and youth are not always synonymous. Taken from Samson Raphaelson's Broadway success of last season and smartly directed by Wesley Ruggles, the picture concerns a middle-aged author, excellently played by the suave Herbert Marshall, who falls in love with his youthful secretary.

Afraid that the difference in their years presents a breach too wide to jump, author Marshall practically forces his secretary, the pixy-faced Sylvia Sidney, into a love affair with Philip Reed, a theatric youth of her own tender age. But puppy love, it seems, is not all fun. Reed turns out to be a youth of the most vigorous sort, a racket-swinging, swimming, hiking athlete who spends his honeymoon admiring his muscles.

After the marriage Miss Sidney discovers the error of her choice. And as Accent on Youth goes about its business of adjusting her and Mr. Marshall's love life it becomes a gay, cynical, and thoroughly interesting movie, one as unpretentious as it is worth seeing.

VITAL STATISTICS: Sylvia Sidney takes bicycle trips for recreation and to keep hers the smallest waist in Hollywood. Thinks a woman's beauty is from the ground up and not from the neck up. Thinks foreign gents differ from home-grown in that the foreigner appraises a woman from the feet up, whereas the home-grown does vice versa. Started at the age of twelve planning her film career. Knits. Wears a sparkling dress covered with mirrors to accent her youth in film. Prefers sports clothes to formals and hated to wear soup and fish and four-and-a-half-inch heels in role. Likes to play parlor games on set and invented one called Ten Books I'd Hate to Find Myself With on a Desert Island. Herbert Marshall's personal nomination was The Messages of the Presidents 1860-1879. La Sidney's was The History of British Railway Tariffs. . . . Herbert Marshall's been under contract to Paramount for eighteen months at $6,000 a week and has appeared in only one picture for that studio in that time. Yet, so profitable is it to rent him out elsewhere, the studio actually makes money on him. Marshall takes his exercise pushing balls around a billiard table. . . . Ernest Cossart—who debutted in The Scoundrel, a bit of Astoria, Long Island, art wrung from the super-pens of those Katzenjammer Kids of literature Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur—is an ex-Theatre Guild big shot. He makes his Hollywood debut as a comic butler. Nevertheless he is undoubtedly Butler No. 1. After forty years of it, advises against becoming an actor unless you can't help it. . . . Philip Reed is an Erasmus Hall, Brooklyn, graduate (which also gave us Waite Hoyt). He studied engineering at Cornell but quit it for the life of hammy ease. With help of Jimmy Cagney, then a maestro de hoof, got a dance job in the Grand Street Follies of 1928, and from then on it was like taking peanuts from an elephant to get to the high places. . . . Director Wesley Ruggles has the most amazing philosophy in the world. He believes actors never grow up. They are the eternal children of civilization. When young we all play cowboys, Indians, house, and doctor. When we grow up some of us stop acting and become businessmen. The others go right on and get on the stage. . . . When Astrid Allwyn was getting started in what she terms her career, she had to earn money on the side typing and doing clerical work. Thinks you ought to go to business school first to insure your acting career. Has naturally blonde hair and prays nightly that blondes don't go the way of all flesh, what with growing audience surfeit these days with the platinum standard. . . . Lon Chaney, Jr., spends his evenings making faces at himself in the mirror in hopes of following in his father's footsteps. . . . Screenplaywright Herbert Fields is son of Lew (Weber) Fields and quite a successful musicomedy scribbler.

★ ★ ★ IN OLD KENTUCKY

THE PLAYERS: Will Rogers, Dorothy Wilson, Bill Robinson, Russell Hardie, Charles Sellon, Louise Henry, Esther Dale, Alan Dinehart, Charles Richman, Etienne Girardot. Directed by George Marshall. From the play by Charles T. Dazey.

IN OLD KENTUCKY is the sort of picture that the studio advertising departments call a "laff riot." This time they are not far wrong, for the picture is a genuinely humorous little affair packed with good-natured giggles and told in a breezily infectious manner.

Taken from Charles Dazey's smash hit of a bygone era, Fox has filled the frame of the story with new gags and has stretched the characterization just enough to make them funny without taking the life out of them. Rogers is seen as a race-horse trainer in the employ of a snobbish Southern family. Losing his job in favor of a young college-trained veterinary, he moves to the neighboring plantation managed by Dorothy Wilson and her militant granddad, and sets out to prepare their horse for the big race.

What with Miss Wilson falling in love with Russell Hardie, the educated horse doctor of the rival camp, and her own nag going lame from a hoof wound, In Old Kentucky has enough story structure to build an acceptable program picture. The things, however, that make this hodgepodge the delightful item it is are the truly comic situations that have been hung upon the plot foundation.

As with all his pictures, the garrulous Mr. Rogers is in complete charge and he has seldom had a better scene than that one where, in blackface, he does an imitation of Bill Robinson, his tap-dancing handy man. Robinson too is at his superb best. For all its high-powered names, a comparative unknown, one Etienne Girardot, gives In Old Kentucky its surprise scene. Little Mr. Girardot plays, of all things, a rain maker. And when it seems certain that Miss Wilson's lame horse can't possibly win on a dry track, this gentle nut, loaded with scientific apparatus and a bag of balloons, sets out to change the path of nature. How he produces a muddy track gives In Old Kentucky a twisted mirthful climax typical of the whole hilarious picture.

VITAL STATISTICS: Charles T. Dazey wrote the original libretto for this all-time horse opera and informs that it's one of the all-time money plays, estimated earnings close to five millions and playing time thirty years. . . . One of Will Rogers's habitual sayings on leaving the studio for the night for his Santa Monica home is: "Think I'll go home and do a little ranching." Got plenty of chance to ranch on location for this one, there being 4,000 acres of farm and graze land on the old Caspar Borchard ranch fifty miles from Hollywood where location shots were made. Got out his spinning rope and for the first time since David Harum did lots of in-between-scene rope throwing—hardly a beastie, including little pigs, not feeling the caress of the lariat and a Rogers wise crevasse accompanying the hurl. Rogers does same fancy shuffling in this one, including the Jennycoola, Rang-tang, Off to Buffalo, with a few fancy inventions of his own. Bill Robinson coached him, and for the first time since he's been on the Fox lot Rogers missed his lunch at his reserved table, so engrossed was he in his rehearsals, working one whole day to perfect his dog work. Claimed afterward polo, riding, roping, and rodeo were nothing to the dog-weariness that such antics set in. . . . Dorothy Wilson claims to all outside appearances she's an actress but at heart she's still and never will be anything else than a stenographer. She arrived in Hollywood five years ago as a typist and remained for three years at RKO as an engineer of a click-click. One day Gregory La Cava needed her type (not her typist) and so discovered her. She now earns as much in a week as she used to in six months but keeps the same habits. . . . Esther Dale is Mrs. Arthur Beckhard in real life. He's the former N. Y. stage producer. She never had any intention of becoming an actress. Toured world singing with important orchestras. By sheer accident found herself on Broadway in a play called Carrie Nation. Put her voice aside and became a hard-working mimer, getting her picture start in Crime Without Passion. She's democratic, fairly young, has a knack for characterization, likes to play bourgeois bridge. . . . Russell Hardie has a high-class tailor who insists

that Russell roll on the floor in every new suit made for him. Then he takes it back for alteration, figuring it has thus become broken in to fit round Russ's juvenile portions. Russ still feels qualms about donning a brand-new set of tails and rolling. . . . Bill Robinson's pet dancing shoes are thirty-three years old, bought in Chicago for seven dollars, Bill adding wooden soles and switching the heels from one to the other for some terpsichoreal reason. Bill claims they know all his steps and sometimes he can look down over the bed and see them doin' a little jig. To which Rogers replied: "Next you'll be telling us you've got to set traps to find them in the morning."

★ ★ ½ ESCAPADE

THE PLAYERS: William Powell, Luise Rainer, Virginia Bruce, Mady Christians, Reginald Owen, Frank Morgan, Laura Hope Crews, Henry Travers, Mathilde Comont, and others. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. From the play by Walter Reisch.

LAID in prewar Vienna, Escapade is a richly produced picture that tells about love among the artists and socialites. If you come to this to see William Powell, you will be disappointed and perhaps a little annoyed with M-G-M for sacrificing so finished an actor to make a flashing debut for Luise Rainer.

The elegant Mr. Powell is miscast as a Viennese artist who makes all women fall in love with him until he is stricken with the undeniable charms of a simple lass, Miss Rainer, whom he has duped into posing for him so that his real model, a married woman, may remain unknown.

Complications, such as Mr. Powell's getting shot by a jealous woman and then being saved by a medical acquaintance, sustain the interest in this romantic bit until love unites the artist and his model. Though the picture leaves one with the feeling that it never really gets under way, Hollywood's newest importation shows herself as an actress of definite ability and appeal.

VITAL STATISTICS: Picture adapted from Austrian film called Masquerade, rights being purchased and entire picture being remade by M-G-M, which goes to show that Art knows no boundaries and pockets have no depth in Hollywood. Switch made by crack Herman J. Mankiewicz, of the Columbia Mankiewiczes, veteran of late war, third drama critic of New York Times of postwar days, first drama critic of New Yorker, playwright, and a fellow who describes himself as a man who works all day and makes jokes all night. Typical Mankiewicz jokes are personal, vitriolic, terribly satirical, sound, and funny. Ethel Borden added the buttermilk flavor to the script. . . . At sixteen Luise Rainer stepped on the bare stage of a Düsseldorf, Germany, theater for an audition. Ten minutes later she was under contract. Stepped immediately into mighty art roles, a small sensation in Europe, until M-G-M imported her in the grand Garbo manner, as a sort of America's challenge to England's Elisabeth Bergner. Luise had all the advantages of the finest schools in Europe. First studied art, then took up writing. Decided on the stage when the family fortunes laid a nest egg. Claims she thinks in Latin. Likes Cab Calloway, the four Mills Brothers, our apple pie (terrible in Europe), piano pounding, painting, singing, sculping, photographing, tennising, hockeying, swimming, flying, and her small dog Johnny. She's considered a dynamo of energy and likes to clog-dance between scenes. . . . The opera scene is historically accurate representation of Caruso's first appearance at the Vienna opera. His shadow crosses the scenery as his actual voice, singing La donna è mobile, is heard on the sound tract, coming from a record augmented with modern orchestration and more extended range. It almost steals the show. Sound engineer and Norma's brother Douglas Shearer thinks it approximates Caruso's real voice more closely than has ever been done before. Caruso also sings Questa o quella!—both selections from Rigoletto. . . . The ballroom scenes are taken with a waltzing camera which moves just like a dancer on the floor in exact rhythm with the music. Three hundred feet of electrical cable (no relation Clark Cable) were used to facilitate toting waltz camera around. . . . Laura Hope Crews is fresh from a long siege of His Master's Voice in New York, while Mady Christians, herself Viennese, plays a Viennese society girl, a tremendous piece of casting. . . . Bill Powell just goes comfortably along building up points which will yet make him a dweat bid name. Powell's salary'll be $5,000 a week if he doesn't have a care, but somehow I feel he's one of the few people in not-so-Holywood who deserve it.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Who Killed Cock Robin? The Informer, Black Fury, The Band Concert, Private Worlds, Roberta, Clive of India, David Copperfield.

★★★—Broadway Gondolier, Men Without Names, Farmer Takes a Wife, Becky Sharp, China Seas, Ginger, No More Ladies, Public Hero Number 1, Hooray for Love, Break of Hearts, The Call of the Wild, Oil for the Lamps of China, Goin' to Town, G-Men, Doubting Thomas, Les Misérables, Star of Midnight, Life Begins at Forty, One More Spring, Mississippi, West Point of the Air, Naughty Marietta, The Wedding Night, The Little Colonel, Ruggles of Red Gap, Murder on a Honeymoon, Wings in the Dark, The Whole Town's Talking, Society Doctor.

GOOD BOOKS by OLIVER SWIFT

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The best casual picture of the current New York surface yet written. O. O. McIntyre is the only columnist with a heart and almost the only one with a head.

★ ★ ★ **BEAUTY'S DAUGHTER** by Kathleen Norris. Doubleday, Doran & Co.

Vic Herendeen, daughter of a beautiful mother, whose marriages and emotions sicken her daughter, resolves never to marry. She meets the one man, Dr. Hardisty. She becomes his wife, gives a lifetime of devotion to him and their children. He strays, she suffers—but her love conquers, her husband returns. It is beautifully told.

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MAD DAYS on the Devil Ship EMDEN

A Deathless Saga of the Sea. The Long-Awaited Story of the War's Greatest Naval Adventure as Seen Through the Eyes of One of Its Chief Participants

by REAR ADMIRAL
ROBERT WITTHOEFT
of the German Navy . . . as told to
WAYNE FRANCIS PALMER
Author of Men and Ships of Steel

READING TIME • 23 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

We fairly rained our shells into the enemy. Flan

THE Emden's first wartime cruise was brief. Her history-making second cruise began August 5, 1914, and lasted three months, during which she sank ships with cargoes worth some $15,000,000, held up shipment of supplies worth three times that sum, and gravely delayed the transportation of the Anzac force to France. She ran in and shelled Madras, doing serious damage, and even entered the harbor of Penang and destroyed a Russian cruiser. Admiral Witthoeft told of the first of these audacious forays in his opening installment last week, and told of her subsequent visit to Diego Garcia, an island port which had neither wireless nor cable and whose charming old English governor didn't know there was a war on!

A few nights later the Emden, hunting and hunted, sighted a steamer that looked like an easy capture—" until suddenly, in the darkness, we saw a black shape behind her."

PART TWO—THE LONE WOLF RAIDS PENANG

CAPTAIN VON MULLER asked me to look through the glasses. " Looks to me as if our lighted friend's a decoy. Can you make out what cruiser is following her? "

I couldn't get enough detail for that.

" Witthoeft, ready with your torpedoes! We'll catch them by surprise. Gaede, you'd better load your guns and have every one stand by. We'll take the fellow in the rear first and then get the decoy."

Once we were astern of them, full speed was ordered. We feared now that any minute they would spot us.

Gaede, standing there gripping the bridge railing, exclaimed, " Well, I'll be damned! Captain, take a look at our target and see if you don't think it's just the smoke on the water from the ship ahead."

It was only a minute until we knew that he was right. We ordered the lighted merchantman to stop. She was the Clan Grant, out of England for Colombo. We put a prize crew aboard and ordered her to follow us.

Bright and early next morning our boats were alongside our captive, loading up with things sorely needed. There were flour, canned foods, tins of wonderful English biscuits. There were live cattle, sheep, and pigs. There were cases on cases of cigarettes and cigars. We had been out of cigarettes for weeks. But when we broke open another hold and found it filled with English beer our joy was complete.

When the stuff was spread out in front of us, we didn't know where to stop. Signals of warning would come from von Mücke to use a little judgment about how much we were sending to him. Then von Mücke himself would come aboard the prize—and within a few minutes he would be as bad as the rest of us.

ured from each hole as they plowed into the target of steel and human flesh.

Our foraging was cut short by a peremptory order from the Emden. We could see by the smoke that was pouring out of the stacks that something big was up.

The captain told me that the lookout had sighted a tripod mast over the horizon. That couldn't mean anything but a big cruiser or a battleship. Once more we dashed off to battle, but we soon saw our mistake. It was a dredger bound for Tasmania and had come all the way from England doing hardly two knots an hour.

Her captain and crew received us with open arms. The tub was unseaworthy and they had had some frightful experiences going through storms. It was the second dredger that their company had sent out. The first had been lost with all hands in the Indian Ocean.

Gaede and his guns sent this weird catch to join her sister ship. We returned to the Clan Grant, under orders to destroy her immediately. The captured crew was transferred to the Buresk. A blasting party was sent aboard and soon their work was done.

When the party returned they brought about the strangest capture of our entire cruise—a dwarfed antelope. This nimble little fellow became quite friendly with all of us and stayed until the end.

That night we captured and destroyed another ship whose cargo of machinery must have run into the millions. There were locomotives, Rolls-Royce cars, machinery and electrical equipment. It all went to the bottom after the crew had been sent to the Buresk.

Kloepper, prize officer on the Buresk, came aboard to talk with the captain. It seemed that the English skipper of his ship wanted to stay with him. He had promised to follow orders but he just couldn't bear to leave his ship. He would rather stay a prisoner of war than leave her. He had proved himself a good sailorman, so it was agreed to leave him in command, subject, of course, to Kloepper's orders. Kloepper said that the old fellow went about his work entirely oblivious of his capture, humming Rule Britannia.

We soon entered upon our last and greatest days of merchant warfare. Strange to say, it was a Sunday, too. Church services were over, and cocktails were in evidence, when a messenger rushed down from the bridge announcing the approach of a very large merchant vessel.

She was the Troilus, bound for England and just out of Colombo. Lauterbach, climbing up the rope ladder over the side and dropping to the deck, was greeted by a charming lady with "Well, well, well! Dear Mr. Lauterbach! Fancy meeting you here, of all people. To think you would pick out such a place to call on me!"

Poor Lauterbach was quite taken aback. This was no way for a blustering boarding officer to be greeted when he came aboard to capture the ship! He did know the lady and her husband, who was with her. In fact, he knew the captain and many of her officers. The captain damned the chuckleheaded Admiralty that wouldn't let him follow the course that he had followed for thirty years. They had made him follow a new course thirty miles to the north. They said it would be safer. The word was, of course, passed to von Müller immediately that we were on the secret shipping route. Once more an enemy had talked too much for his country's good.

ONE thing that the English lady said I have always remembered. She believed then, as every one did, that the war would be over in a few months. "Really," she told Lauterbach, "you must visit the Indian ports just as soon as peace is signed. You will receive a perfectly grand reception. You don't know it, but you are already the most popular people in India." And to think that we were imperiling their whole war program!

Word was passed to the Buresk that it must prepare to receive a lady of rank. Kloepper fairly burned up his signal light trying to get out of doing the honors. But the captain held firm. He had saved one ship to avoid embarrassing a captain's lady, but he wasn't going to miss destroying this large prize for any one.

The Troilus was ordered to take up a position astern of the Buresk, as we saw another victim in the distance. She was the Saint Egbert, bound for New York with sugar. It was decided to transfer all prisoners to her

on the morrow, when she would be permitted to sail on her way. We were now already quite a fleet, but another real prize was just ahead: the Exford, with 6,000 tons of Cardiff coal for the British cruisers! She was put in line as number five and had just taken up her position when the brand-new Chilkana ran afoul of us. She was filled with provisions and was direct from the British Isles for India.

Our position was becoming dangerous. Our luck was likely to be the destruction of us, so the captain decided to call it a day and with this armada steamed off the beaten tracks. First of all the prisoners must be transferred to the Saint Egbert. Next supplies had to be provided for the colliers Buresk and Exford, that would, of course, go with us. The Chilkana and Troilus were to be sunk with gunfire.

We signaled the Saint Egbert Godspeed and sent her on her way to Cochin, where she arrived some time later safe and sound.

We didn't know it, but we were to capture and sink no more merchantmen. The net was drawing in closer and closer on us. We were nearing the inevitable.

The word that we were again at large was broadcast. It was time to skip. We laid a general easterly course across the southern part of the Bay of Bengal.

The wireless of many ships came closer and closer in on us. It was several nights after we were on this course that these signals reached their greatest intensity. Suddenly almost on top of us banged, "Q M D, Q M D, Q M D."

In the darkness on the bridge we were at a loss as to what to do. No matter what direction we turned we might be wrong, so we decided to trust to fate and hold our way to the east. Lookouts were cautioned. A signal was sent to our two colliers astern that if we had to run for it we would meet them later at a stated rendezvous. We couldn't match guns with the Hampshire in broad daylight. We wouldn't last fifteen minutes.

DAY soon broke on a gloomy dark morning. Heavy clouds hung low and the limited visibility was reduced by passing showers. Every man was ready for battle and every gun was loaded, ready to do what damage we could should the Hampshire break through the haze.

For only an instant the sun shone. The foremast lookout shouted to us through the voice tube, "Two enemy cruisers dead ahead. Distance about ten miles, course south."

On the bridge, Captain von Müller and I looked at one another in complete dismay. The captain fairly barked at the tube for further information.

"I can't see them any more, sir, but they did stand out clear and distinct for just a second." The officer in the top confirmed that they had passed us steaming south at a high rate of speed.

"Course north-northeast," was ordered.

Slowly, it seemed, we turned and headed away from the British cruisers. After an hour our pulses returned to some place near normal. It had been a close call.

It was the captain of one of the neutral merchantmen that we boarded who had given us, unintentionally, the idea of attacking Penang. When he had told us that two large French armored cruisers were stationed there, it had set us to thinking. Now, on October 27, the captain called a meeting of all officers. "Tomorrow morning," he shot at us, "we are going into the British harbor of Penang."

We had to sit there in formal meeting, but there wasn't one of us that didn't want to give a loud cheer. If he had said to us that we were to sail up the Thames and attack London, it would have been just the same. We had complete confidence in that keen slight man.

Step by step we went through every move of tomorrow's action. So deep was our love of von Müller that it brought a sudden chill to our hearts when he suggested, "There is a chance always that I may be put out of action; then the executive—" On down the line he went, asking each of us what we would do in such an event. He was thorough. Nothing was left to chance.

The good news was shared with the men. The captain, as he always did, had them assemble aft and told them what was ahead.

Above: Prince Franz Josef, an officer of the Emden and nephew of the Kaiser. Right: Commander von Mucke, executive officer of the Emden.

WHAT a cheer went up! "The ships that we are going in after tonight," he warned, "are much more powerful than the Emden; but the advantage of surprise will be with us. Keep courage and follow your training."

The colliers had been sent to different rendezvous, so that night we were able to steam at high speed toward Penang. Surplus gear was stowed out of the way. A big stock of ammunition was stored by the guns. Hose lines were laid; buckets of sand were placed about. Our dummy fourth funnel was set up so that we would again look like a British light cruiser. It was to be a most fortunate dodge for us, too. Finally we cleaned ship, and every man took a bath and put on clean clothes. If we must have wounded men, they were going to have a chance against unnecessary infections.

About two in the morning the white blinking rays from the lighthouse at Penang came into view. We were arriving ahead of schedule, so we doubled back on our course. In the bright moonlight we feared lest we be seen from some lookout station in the mountains.

At four thirty we were again heading toward the lighted buoys that marked the way to the inner harbor. It was ticklish work, because often a light would move in close to us from behind one of the little islands just off the channel. We had to make a quick guess as to whether it was a destroyer or a fishing craft.

All of a sudden we were in the snakelike harbor. A string of lights marked the water's edge like pearls on a necklace. It was still dark, though dawn would break at any moment. We were there just on the dot. The engines were stopped, and in the stillness I could hear the swish of our bow wave, and off in the distance the tinny music from some native honky-tonk.

On the Emden all was silence. We in the crowded little pillbox conning tower just below the bridge almost whispered our orders to the torpedo room, to the tops, and to the guns.

Finally everything was reported "ready" to the captain, and we waited breathlessly.

Lights at night in a strange harbor are always confusing. As we approached closer and closer they were slow to take on any meaning. Were they buildings or were they docks? No! That row of lights looks devilishly like a division of torpedo boats tied up together. They could give us a hot reception. Then the first streaks of dawn showed us a large man-of-war.

"Steady now," warned the captain. "Take your time."

I put my face to the voice tube and gave orders to the

torpedo room: "Ready, starboard torpedo tube."

"Starboard torpedo tube clear. All ready, sir," came back from Prince Franz Josef.

"Quarter speed ahead on both engines. Starboard helm," ordered the captain.

Slowly we moved over toward the enemy ship, which we now made out as the Russian cruiser Jemtchug. She was just enough more heavily armed than we to warrant caution. Not a man could be seen on her decks.

"Stand by," the captain whispered to me.

We couldn't have been more than three hundred yards away. We could see clearly. No need of searchlights.

"Fire!" snapped the captain to me.

"Fire!" I barked.

"Fire!" I heard the Prince order down below, and then I heard the hiss of the air as it drove the torpedo from the tube. Lines of bubbles marked a course as straight as an arrow leading right to the Russian.

"One, two, three, four . . ." Von Mücke counted on, and then sang out, "Now!"

A dull roar followed; a cloud of water and smoke arose alongside the Jemtchug. Her stern heaved up and dropped back until the quarter-deck was nearly awash.

"Fire!" barked the skipper, this time to Gaede.

"LET 'em have it!" The word went to each gun, and a joyful hurrah was lost in the deafening bombardment that poured out from our ship. Each shot was a hit. At that range we couldn't have missed if we had tried. We concentrated our fire on the fore part of the enemy hull to prevent the crew from getting on deck. The wild flames in her interior aided us in the slaughter. It was horrible, but it was war.

On her afterdeck a number of officers appeared and seemed to be in a daze. A few of them dove overboard, while several tried to man the after gun and turn it on us. Our gunnery officer, seeing this, told our own after gun to end this little party. Our second shot hit in this cluster of enemy officers and exploded.

A low humming overhead was our first warning that we were under fire. There was an orange flash on the beach. One or two ships, too, were seen trying out their aim on us. Enough men had by now forced their way out of the fiery white-flamed interior of the Jemtchug to man a forecastle gun, and soon its heavy shells joined the medley as they whined and shrieked their way past us.

"Faster—faster!" ordered von Müller to the guns, and we fairly rained our shells into the enemy. The hull looked like a sieve and flames poured from each hole. Great bursts of black smoke arose as each shell plowed into the target of steel and human flesh.

Turning hard to port, we could see about thirty merchantmen swinging idly at their anchors. One torpedo boat was plugging shells at us as she lay at anchor. It was lucky for us that she didn't have steam up.

We retraced our way past the Russian. They might try a torpedo shot at us; so, even though she was doomed, the captain told me to put another torpedo into her.

Once more there was the signal to fire. Once more von Mücke counted, "One, two, three, four . . ." Then with a terrific blast the Jemtchug's magazines blew up. Bodies could be seen hurtling through the air, arms and legs flapping grotesquely. A great yellow-and-black cloud arose to the heavens, lifted, and showed only one mast standing above the water.

Perhaps a hundred Russians were swimming about, but we could not help them and there were plenty of small boats at hand.

Thus ended the cruiser Jemtchug, with a loss of 91 killed and 108 wounded.

We wanted to turn our attention now to the little destroyer that had been firing on us, but we had just started to wheel ship when the lookout up in the tops sang out, "Destroyer approaching the harbor entrance."

The Emden jumped forward to give battle. A cloud of smoke was all that indicated our opponent. Our guns blazed, pouring high-explosive shells into it.

Immediately the onrushing ship made for shore, and as it turned we saw to our complete mortification that it was but a small, entirely harmless unarmed government boat. Fortunately we had done but slight damage to it before we ceased firing.

THIS little Britisher, though, had rendered its country a great service without even knowing what was happening. Our captain decided that we couldn't return to the harbor to destroy the French torpedo boat and the merchantmen. The hazard was too great. We had to get away from there, so he set our course out of the harbor at full speed.

Penang was sinking below the horizon and the crew were eating a second breakfast when the bugle call sent them once more scurrying to battle stations. This time it looked as if we were in for trouble, because the

CRITICAL MOMENTS No 4

WHEN STEVE FELL OUT OF THE BOAT

"Steve* couldn't swim a stroke and his clothes quickly pulled him under. We never could have found him in that pitch darkness. But he had clung to his Eveready Flashlight, and its beam 15 feet under water showed us just where to dive."

The name used is fictitious, but the authentic record is in our files.

AT TIMES LIKE THIS . . YOU'RE GLAD THEY'RE

FRESH

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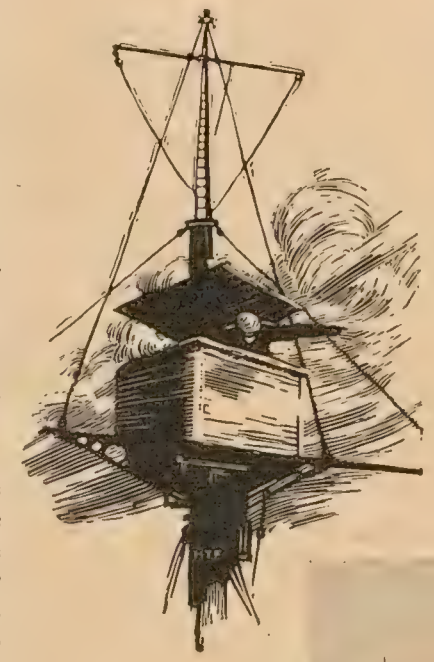
ship that was barring our way was very large. It must be either an armored cruiser or an auxiliary cruiser.

Our range finders got their distance and all guns were trained with shells ready to fire. But the closer the enemy came to us the smaller she became. Old man mirage had fooled us again; she was a medium-sized British freighter, loaded with explosives.

Lauterbach was sent aboard to destroy her and to send the crew ashore in the pilot boat. He was to tell the captain of our regret for being unable to assist in the rescue of the Jemtchug victims, as well as for our error in firing on the little government boat. No wonder von Müller was admired by his enemies.



Lauterbach had hardly delivered his message when a sudden signal recalled him to the Emden. Another ship was approaching that looked like a man-of-war—and this time, surprisingly, it was one.

ONCE more it was battle stations, and we cut loose with a broadside at a range of about three miles. Our target was the French destroyer Mousquet. With our battle flags flying we rushed down on her. She had been heading for us, but when we blazed away at her, she turned tail. This made our task easy. Our third salvo drove home. A great cloud of white steam arising amidships indicated that her boilers had blown up. She drifted idly, the victim of our shells.

This seemed to awaken the Frenchmen, because they now took up the battle against us and fought with desperate bravery; but it was an unfair contest. They tried a torpedo, but it ran ahead of us. Even their shells could not reach us, while almost every shot of ours was a hit. Finally she could stand it no longer. Her stern settled slowly, her bow rose into the air, and then she did a back flip until she was straight up and down with her stern on the mud of the bottom. She held that way for a minute or two and then was gone.

Two of our boats with a doctor in each were sent off promptly. The Frenchmen, however, swam away. They had been told by their officers that the Germans always killed their prisoners. When they saw how tenderly we lifted their wounded from the water they swam to us for help, fairly blubbering with gratitude. Imagine how our seaman Stege must have felt when a Frenchman kissed his cheek! You may be sure he didn't turn the other.

We saved thirty-six men and one officer. The officer and twelve of the men were terribly wounded or scalded from the boilers. The doctors busied themselves trimming off shattered legs and patching up a man here and there as best they could. The French officer, a sub-lieutenant and just a lad, was in bad shape. His foot had been amputated and he was suffering frightful pain, but he would talk only about the welfare of his men. He told me later that they had not intended to fight the Emden, but had mistaken her for the four-funneled British cruiser Yarmouth.

The lad wept as he described the end of his commander. A shell had torn both of his legs off just above the knees, but he had his men lash him to the bridge in an upright position, where he continued to fight his ship. As she sank he was still cheering on his men.

Warm food, chocolate, and liquor soon had the Frenchmen in a talkative frame of mind. They told us of the capture of our colliers and supply ships, the Pontoporos and the Markomannia.

Twenty-two knots was ordered and we steamed away to the north, but not soon enough. The French destroyer Fronde had caught sight of us, but we couldn't risk turning to fight her. She clung on our trail. We took a sweep toward her and she swept away from us. No, that wouldn't work. She was as fast as our best speed. She could tag us and tell the world where we were.

Once more the wireless crackled. Our every move was reported. She fairly shrieked her story. To hold her fleeting position as the news center of the world, she indulged in grotesque descriptions of the death of the Jemtchug and the rape of her own sister the Mousquet.

This didn't bother us, although our own operator once or twice took to the air with a few comments of his own. What did concern us was the answering signals of Allied men-of-war, now coming in stronger and stronger. Smoke fairly belched from our stacks, but still the little gossip hung on our wake.

Then the sea started to blow up in a lively manner. A sudden and violent rain squall reduced the visibility to almost nothing. A change of course, and fifteen minutes later we ran once more out into the clear sunlight. The Fronde was nowhere to be seen.

The Emden was not equipped to handle the large number of French wounded that crowded our sick bay and wardroom. Our doctors worked like beavers every minute, but that night two of our prisoners died. Others suffered frightful tortures in the tropical heat. I never saw a man more racked with pain than the young officer, but he held himself in. Writhing in agony, he bit the wadded sheet that covered him so fiercely that his jaws turned white under the set of his muscles.

Von Mucke and his party landing on Cocos Island. The schooner is the Ayesha, on which they escaped after the Emden met her fate.

For the two corpses the sailmaker did a neat job with canvas and heavy thread. A shell was placed at the feet within their rough shroud. At eight in the morning officers and crew fell in on the main deck. The officers wore their dress uniforms and medals. The bodies were resting before us on an improvised bier, each wrapped in the tricolor of France.

The ship was stopped. The captain gave a short but sincere talk, first in French and then in German. They had died for their homeland and we were joined there to honor them.

The bugle call was sounded for the dead. The guard of honor fired a three-gun salute and the bodies slid into the sea.

That night another Frenchman died. Others were delirious. They were beyond our help, so we were faced with the necessity of getting aid for them. The usual reward of one bottle of champagne was increased to two for the man that would sight the first ship.

She was the Newburn, a British vessel out of England for Singapore with 3,000 tons of salt. Her captain was ordered to take the prisoners in to Sabang, where there was a splendid Dutch hospital. We heard later they

arrived that night but by the next morning the French officer was dead.

We soon met the Buresk at the rendezvous that we had set for her. Later we met the Exford, and transferred Lauterbach and several of the officers to her. Then we sent her away. We planned a later meeting but it was not to take place. We had seen the last of fearless, jovial old Lauterbach and his gay companions. He was captured some days later by the British auxiliary cruiser Empress of Japan.

We had work to do on a lonely little coral atoll well down in the Indian Ocean, far below the equator. As we neared our destination the radio was, as usual, telling us the news of the world. What a maddening thrill we got when one night the radio messenger dashed in breathless and shouted, "Admiral von Spee has been in a battle and has destroyed some British ships!"

It was the admiral's glorious victory off Coronel.

"Here, steward! Break out the champagne—lots of it."

A wild and joyful night. It was well that we had one, because the shadow was drawing nearer and nearer to the Emden.

There was an important British wireless and cable station on Direction Island. If we cut the cables, it would leave Australia without a direct contact with the rest of the world. That was the task that brought us to this point on November 9, 1914.

We arrived off the island at the break of day. Heavy rain squalls drenched us. But as the zero hour struck, the sun burned down on us from a blood-red sky.

Mücke fell in on topside with his landing party. We were nervous at their going. Fifty men and three officers seemed too many to send away from the ship. They took machine guns, pulled rapidly through the narrow harbor entrance, and ran the boats up on to the beach. Then they rushed the signal station.

They were too late. No sooner had the bow of the first cutter grated on the coral sands than the English operator shot out to the world, "Emden at Cocos Island landing an armed party." Our operators tried to interfere, but the damage had been done.

We heard an explosion ashore and saw the great tall towers topple, Mücke was doing a thorough job. But on one point he made a sad mistake. His party cut a cable, but it happened to be a dead end that was laid down into the sea. They didn't even find the real cable.

THE captain, Gropius, and I were straining our eyes to see what was happening ashore. About nine o'clock word was relayed to us from the crow's-nest that the Buresk was approaching. A cloud of smoke could be seen coming from a one-stack ship. No, she wasn't headed for us now. Must be a passenger ship bound for Australia that was a little overdue; our wireless operator had picked up a message about her. Hold, though—something wrong! There was shouting from the crow's-nest. Lieutenant Guerard called down to us: "She's a British cruiser. We can see her ensigns. No mistake this time."

The captain leveled his binoculars. "God, they're right. I can even see her battle flags flying. Witthoeft, recall Mücke and his party immediately. Gaede, clear ship for action. Gropius, prepare to get under way. Pass the word to the engine room to raise steam for full speed. Tell them to make it twice as fast as they have before."

Turning to the bugler, he ordered, "Sound Battle Stations."

The oncoming enemy was the Sydney. Rear Admiral Witthoeft's great story of the doomed Emden's gallant fight against her, as he saw it from the conning tower, will bring his narrative to its conclusion next week.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 26

1—Hold watch with its small hand pointing toward sun. Halfway between that point and 12 on the dial is approximately due south.

2—Neither. It is used to record autographically variations of velocity of flowing water.

3—The National League, organized in 1875. The American League was organized in 1901.

4—Neither. He was a priest who later became cardinal; Duc de Richelieu.

5—Intrastate commerce is commerce conducted entirely within the borders of one state. Interstate commerce is commerce between or including different states.

6—In golf; a score of two strokes less than par on any hole but a par-three hole.

7—No; he draws charts or maps.

8—Killed in action, 37,568; died of wounds received in action, 12,942; died of disease, 62,670.

9—On the Fourth of July next following the state's admission to the Union.

10—Cuba: touched by the Atlantic Ocean, the Caribbean Sea, and the Gulf of Mexico.

11—The Dempsey-Tunney fight at Chicago, September 22, 1927, at which $2,658,600 was paid for admissions.

12—No; it provides that a woman citizen of the United States does not lose her citizenship by marrying an alien and that an alien woman does not acquire citizenship by marriage to a United States citizen or by the subsequent naturalization of her husband.

13—Neither; it is the scientific name for the moth of which the common silkworm is the larva.

14—Yes; eight clubs in each league.

15—No; eight states impose a sentence of life imprisonment.

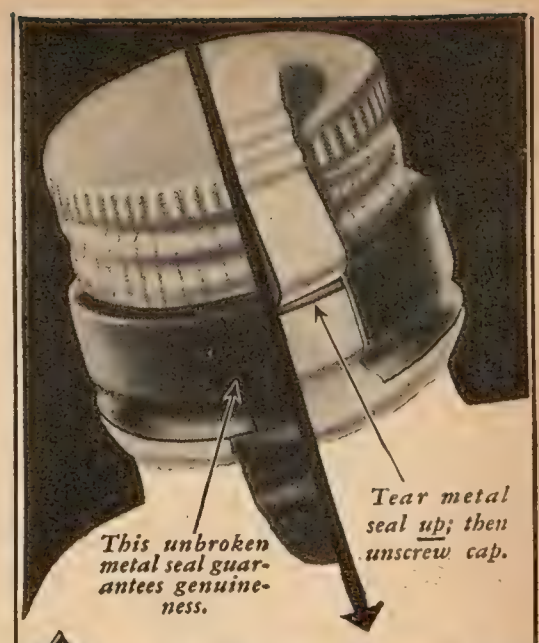
16—It is a lizardlike animal once popularly supposed to be able to live in fire.

17—The Kills Bridge between Staten Island and Bayonne, New Jersey—1,675 feet long.

18—No; a *Ctenocephalus canis* is a flea found on dogs.

19—In 1905, at Chicago, Illinois.

20—"Gilded tombs do worms enfold."



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See advertisement page 13

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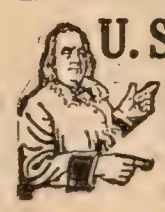
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THIS is the amazing story Violet Chester tells of her life. Tragedy transformed her from a giddy chorus girl in the Capers of 1910 to a willowy dancing star; tragedy and a short-lived love that put the spark of ambition into her soul. She killed her father, though no one knew it. She killed him in a rage at his brutal treatment of her mother, pushing him so his head struck a table top.

Then Tommie Greeley, a rich admirer, died of a heart attack in her hotel room the night she wed Archie O'Riley, and that talented young lad, who was to haunt and change her life, left her, believing her unfaithful. There was an annulment, and she wed Lester Roth, fat and fortyish. But on their transatlantic honeymoon, she met Archie again, yielded to him, and a baby was born. She survived Lester's persecutions, rearing "Boof," the child he forced her to name for him, only to have Archie come back into her life—Archie and Fernand, the French dancing partner he had married.

So when personable Eddie Reynolds was introduced to her she gratefully accepted his company. She drank with him after a night-club interlude and woke up in a strange hotel room to find Lester and Reynolds in an adjoining room. She had been framed. There was a divorce. And back to Archie she went—but as partner in his act only. Fernand was going to have a child. She had twins. So, with Fernand watching, Violet danced with Archie, and in her spare time tried to forget her stormy past in the soothing personality of Dr. Bertram McAllister, the most earnest and self-effacing admirer she had ever known. But again Archie forced himself into her life. It was the eve of Fernand's second childbirth. Archie, drunk, had mercilessly derided Violet for her fickleness. She left him, thinking he was going home. But when the child, Lorna, was born in the morning, he was not at his wife's side. He was in jail!

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

Love's Potion at Her Lips Again—Then Suddenly Dashed Away . . . Now Come New Depths of Heartbreak, New Heights of Drama, in the Story of a Woman's Soul

by DORA MACY Author of Night Nurse

Public Sweetheart

PART SIX—"A FOOL LIKE ME"

I WENT down and paid Archie's way out. He was very sober. Robbed down to the last shoestring. And beaten up, his face cut, his body so stiff he could barely walk erect. He couldn't remember where or how it had all happened.

I got him into a cab and made for the hospital. Called Dr. Bert and turned my relic over to him.

"Either you or the whole hospital get to work on him," I said. "He's got to dance tonight."

Sore and shaky, he danced that night. The sweat poured off him. Not until after that did he go up to the hospital. He and Lora fixed a watertight story to tell the girl who waited, calling for him.

And after that he snapped into it again. Not to break loose for such centuries . . .

They showered Fernand with care. For the first time in their history, the O'Rileys closed their old-fashioned flat and went en masse to the country. Up to the Adirondacks, babies and O'Rileys and Fernand and all.

Archie and I did six weeks in vaudeville. Then he hied for the mountains and his family. And I went home for a few weeks' rest. So that now poor faithful Dr. Bert shuttled out to the suburbs to see me, as he had once shuttled into New York.

All in good time Ratzy sent for me. He was going to have The Murillos. Yes, sure she was fine. He had seen

ILLUSTRATION BY
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Then Ratzy, ripping off his pet oaths, separated us. "Get out, you big clown!" he thundered.

NUMBER ONE

her in action and she was better than ever; with a terrific force and vitality.

"She'll only last a couple of years," he said. "This is her last big chance, you see, and she's giving every ounce. But while she lasts, boy, she's a winner."

"I'm glad," I said. "What about me?"

"Well, sister, that's different. I thought you'd look to your own future. I want you in the show, sure. I'm getting a lot of new people this year, though. You play along with me, see? Take what I give you, and spend your time working. Studying—so next year I can give you a big spot."

I sat very still and lit a cigarette without trembling . . . "Cease from anger and leave rage—" No use rowing with Ratzy, because maybe he's right.

His big paw patted my shoulder.

"I'll show you what I think of you, Vi. I'll leave your salary the same, see? So you can use the dough on some good hard work. So I can cash in on you next year. Now, that's a deal. But I'll only take the chance this one season. You're nineteen now?"

"You know damn well I'm twenty-two."

He whistled.

"Time you pitched in. There aren't many years in this game."

It didn't require much thinking over. It was best to take what he offered. But the show wasn't the same. Rita was gone. A star in her own show this year. Opening on Broadway and filling the house. And Cookie was gone. Over in Brooklyn fixing herself for stardom in the blood-and-thunder adventure serials that were so popular. Cynthia was gone. We read of her being presented at Court. We read of her return to America. Of her new home on Fifth Avenue, where she gave a magnificent reception. But none of us gals were invited. Cynthia would talk to us on the phone. She would come to our shows and cause a stir. But we never got invited to her home . . .

Lora was on deck singing about June and moon and spoon. And The Murillos were breath-taking. That was the year of their big Heaven and Hell number.

Ratzy was right. Fernand had a new fire that crackled and stung an audience. But Ratzy misgauged her. He said her flame would die in a couple of seasons. It died nine weeks after opening, when she crumpled one matinee as the curtain dropped. She was over an hour coming to. And when she did, she said nothing. Looked at us all standing around, and turned her face to the wall. She knew she was done in. She hadn't the strength.

We all left Archie and the doctor alone with her. And Ratzy followed me to my dressing room.

"Now, ask me to jump in and take her place," I flared. "Go on and ask me."

He closed the door and actually took off his hat.

"Vi, you've got to. You've got to go on tonight."

"And how are the children? All well?"

He pushed me back into my chair.

"This is for good or I wouldn't ask you," he said. "Together they were unbeatable. But she's finished.

And you're almost as good as she was. Alone he's not much. Alone you're not much either. You two together can climb to a slice of the show."

"Flatterer!"

"Rehearsal at six," he said, and stood up.

"Not on your life."

"You mean you won't do it?"

"That's what I mean." I picked up his hat and handed it to him.

He banged the door and I sat down, trembling, to take off the make-up. I won't do it. I won't. There she is—a wreck in a few years . . . Poor silly spent little thing, trying to please both God and man . . . Used up.

I heard the music of the finale . . . I wouldn't go out and appear . . . I'd throw up . . . but the music jangled in my wrists, beat in the pulse in my neck . . .

Against my will I opened my door and peeped out. They were carrying Fernand to a waiting cab. Archie carrying her in his arms.

I waited until I heard the cab go. Then I grabbed my coat and turban, and hurried out. In the alley I ran plank up against Archie.

I STOOD, holding my coat tight around my chin, and all the backbone in me watered. His face was reddened and streaked. I put my hand on his arm.

"Rehearsal at six," he said shortly. "Can I count on you?"

"At six."

So what can you do with a fool like me?

I went on past him, and walked around. Phoned mama. Phoned Bert, who said he'd come to the show that night and see the new act. Sent flowers to Fernand. I didn't put any name on them. Then I walked and walked and walked. And went back to rehearse.

In an hour we quit, sweating like race horses. As we left the stage, he caught my hand.

"Have a cigarette with me?"

I nodded. In my dressing room I doused myself with alcohol, and rubbed with one towel after another until I tingled. Then, wrapped in a gray blanket, I joined him. Both in blankets, we sat and smoked. I listened to how wonderful she was, how good and sweet and patient. He should have made her rest—at least a year. He was as good as a murderer.

"But, Arch, she isn't going to die."

"Her soul is dead."

"I doubt it. Just in hock."

"What kind of soul have you got, Vi?"

"Rubber."

"I wish you'd show me how you do it."

"This is no time for sarcasm."

"Nobody can inspire the meanness in me that you can."

I got up, gathered my blanket tight around me, and made for the door.

"I'm awfully tired of bickering and quarreling."

He stood up, directly in my path.

"So am I."

His eyes said so much, I felt weak under his gaze. He leaned forward and kissed me. A gentle but lingering kiss, like a kid, hot and tired and exhausted.

"Do you mind?" he asked softly.

"Yes," I said dully. "Very much. It's too late for that."

"I know. But I love you. I love Fernand too. It's funny, but I do. She knows I'm mad about you . . . She's afraid . . . I wouldn't give her any cause to worry . . ."

"You bet you won't give her any cause!" I flared. "Tell her I'm going to get married."

"Vi—you're not!"

"But I am. In no time at all my name will be McAllister. I'm marrying a doctor—who does things in the world. See? Not just a hoofer who wants bells on his harness."

"All right. Go ahead and marry him. You'll still love me."

I started to laugh. "Archie," I said, "you're bread and jam to me—nothing else. A chance of a big salary. That's all. And that's all I am to you, make no mistake about it."

I pushed him aside and left the room. Back in my own dressing room I put three chairs together so I could lie down. I could get nice and comfortable growing old with some one who was kind and dear to me. . . .

The woman from the costumer's came. I had fittings. Ratzy came. I told him I was going to get married. He ranted and raged.

But the word spread through the company and every one spied Dr. Bert sitting in the second row that night and clapping his hands red for us. I had to go out and break the news to him after the show.

He took it big. Yes, I could finish the season, of course . . . He was happier, he said, than any man had a right to be. And when he held me close and kissed me, I felt terribly moved. It had been so long since I had been kissed . . . Long long ago Lester had quit, and in two years only the one kiss from Archie . . . "This is what a woman needs," I thought, "an arm around her. A man to love her."

But I was wrong. A man to love her is only second best for any woman. A man to love is what counts.

We were married Christmas Eve at Bert's mother's. We picked out a small apartment in midtown. His hours were long and tiring, his reading and studying at home seemed endless. But he wanted me near. He would read for hours with my hand in his. Every night he met me at the theater. And almost every evening he took me there.

And I was happy with Bert. He learned about Archie and understood. Because Bert actually believed in me as no man ever did. And I learned of the girl he had had an affair with in college. She was now supervisor of a Brooklyn hospital, and still worshiped him. He hated crowds, and was diffident with strangers. For a man who lived his life for others, I suppose it was natural to keep his private life exclusive.

In March we bought a house. Because it was a bargain offered him by a grateful patient who had so many houses he couldn't count them. And because it overlooked Central Park, where Bert could have the sense of space and trees. We were silly happy then. Planning. The entire first floor was his. Office, library, a small waiting room with a special entrance, and a lavatory. Upstairs our home began. House and furnishings we were buying half and half, sharing expense.

It was my dowry—a standing joke between us, that phrase. Soon I would leave the show business and have no income . . .

Archie was frantic over that. In two months he had tried out six girls. He had a vaudeville contract sewed up if he could deliver.

Bert and I moved into our home the end of March and had both our mothers to dinner. We were absurdly happy. And after we had seen them to the station, we talked of children. And Bert said gravely, mixing his Scotch and soda while I cut sandwiches in our own kitchen:

"You are very foolish not to see Boof. What if it is matinee day? Demand to see him in the mornings. And when he's older see to it you have supper with him. What matter if it hurts you? You should watch over your boy."

SO I started in, through the lawyers. But it wasn't easy. They wouldn't let me take Boof out of the house, and Lester's home was full of bitter memories. And Boof was all prepared before I came not to want me. He wouldn't sit on my lap. He wouldn't kiss me. So Bert suggested I give up until Boof was older. No use putting myself through hell when it meant nothing to the child.

Then one night in May Bert let me give a party. Because I was so proud of our home and wanted my friends to see it. Because I was saying good-by to show business and all of that. Because in a few weeks the show would close and it was the end of a chapter.

The McAllister home was very gay that night. Every one seemed happy. Even Fernand. And Lora was happiest of all. She was going to sail at last. She was free to go to her captain because Fernand was taking over the O'Rileys. Ratzy was happy because he had found a performing honey bear for next season's show.

Cynthia and her husband came. I had invited her just to tease her, really. But it seemed that her mother-in-law had a cousin who married a McAllister who was Bert's uncle.

"Oh, yes," said Bert affably. "I don't think I ever mentioned him to you, Vi. He's dead, of course."

He took her husband in hand, and I handed Cynthia champagne.

"Strange he never told you," she observed haughtily. "My dear, let me give you a piece of advice. You have a nice chance with this little marriage. If you play your hand right you can get in with the best people. It's very important to a doctor, too. And I'll help you."

I nudged Rita, who had edged between us.

"That's too darling of you, Cynthia!" I said, and left her to Rita's mercies.

Cookie had come late, and had brought her leading man, Harold Hunt, with her. Now she was frantic, trying to keep him from drinking himself into a coma.

"Hawold has to be on the lot at nine in the morning," she fretted. "I might have known he'd behave this way. He has the biggest chance—he's headed foh staadom, and he's dwinking himself wight into the guttah."

There were angry tears in her eyes. She was in love with that handsome sot! After all her years of being cagey with men . . .

"Oh, I'm sorry, Cookie. I'll sick Bert on him. He'll manage him."

"Nobody can manage him, once he's sta'ted."

Bert and Archie eventually got the actor upstairs and into the guest room. By that time the party was breaking up.

Archie and Fernand were the last to leave.

Even as Bert and I went up to Cookie, I realized that our home was a wreck. Bits of food everywhere, drinks spilled on the rugs, a lamp the movie hero had knocked over and smashed . . .

"If you can get Hawold into a cab," Cookie pleaded, "I can take him home."

But Bert wouldn't hear of it. We urged her to stay overnight, but she insisted he was too unmanageable when he came to. She would deliver him to his trainer, who knew how to handle him.

So we called a cab, and the driver and Bert carried the huge ox down our stairs and out into the night.

When the caterers were finished and ready to leave, I suddenly realized how late it was. I gave them their check and let them go. Bert ought to be back any minute . . .

I selected some leftover sandwiches and tiny cream puffs he liked. And brought them up to the bedroom, where I got undressed and waited.

At five I became frantic. I phoned Cookie's number but there was no answer. I phoned it every ten or fifteen minutes after that.

It was almost seven when a cab drew up in front of the house. I rushed for the door, wildly relieved, and stopped short. A policeman had got out, and turned to help Cookie out. Cookie still in pink evening dress, silver slippers, and—

She cried out at seeing me, came up the steps, and threw herself on my neck.

"Oh, Vi!" she screamed. "Oh, Vi, oh, Vi, oh, Vi!"

THE officer steered us both inside and closed the door. "Dr. McAllister your husband?" he said.

I nodded.

"Killed in an accident," he announced shortly.

Cookie's wails rose to a curdling key. My maid came and pulled her away, shushing her.

I sat down on the hall bench and stared at the officer. He began to talk. The gen'man who was drunk had started to pick a fight in the cab . . . The cab was on the bridge, takin' this here actor to Brooklyn Heights, where he lived . . . When the fight started in the cab, the driver turned around—sorta to see what the rumpus was. He says the car skidded, and anyway it landed with a lurch against the railing . . . The actor he was killed immediately . . . The doctor—why, he died before the ambulance arrived. The lady wasn't hurt and she asked for nobody to break the news to you over the phone . . . The cab driver—why, he was bein' held . . . Bert was dead. All the hours I had been waiting and phoning for him. . . .

Ratzy was the first on my doorstep in the morning. Mrs. Ratzy came a few hours later, and it was she who managed everything and answered all the phones. I had only seen her once or twice—a sharp-nosed, wire-haired woman with a heart as soft as velvet and a voice like a pencil on a slate. I remember mama came and, sitting on the bed, held me in her arms while I cried. Bert's mother was laid up with bronchitis at the time and mama was going straight out to her. Mama would try to come in every day.

The others I don't remember. Except Ratzy, who stayed overnight that Sunday, sleeping down in Bert's office on the stiff red-leather couch. So new, as everything was new . . .

It was Ratzy who saw lawyers and released the cab driver and got an undertaker and found out what cemetery the McAllisters used, and saw the old lady, and harangued with Bert's bank to open the safety deposit before witnesses and list the contents.

HE never left the house Monday until he drove me down to the theater. Stood outside my dressing room. I was all right until Archie knocked at my door. And as he came toward me, face all love and sympathy, I broke.

"Archie!" I cried and clung to him. "I tried, Archie. I tried . . ."

Maybe he knew what I meant. I felt his lips on the side of my neck and his arms very tight.

Then Ratzy, ripping off his pet oaths, separated us.

"Get out, you big clown!" he thundered.

"You leave us alone!" Archie flared. "She couldn't dance tonight. She's a wreck. Fernand danced when she shouldn't have. Call the act off—"

"Now, Irish," I said. "Get into your costume. Ratzy never let us down, and we're not going to let him down."

"You're too young," decided Ratzy. "That's what's the matter with the whole pack of you. And when you're old enough to have any brains, you won't be any good to

A SOUR STOMACH MAKES A Sad Day
Counteract the acidity which sours your disposition as well as your stomach. The bad-breath belch and the bilious burp are not only embarrassing but a positive "S. O. S." for help! They are undeniable evidence that the stomach has been overtaxed.
NYAL
ANTACID
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A little Antacid Powder in cold water is a great corrective of diet indiscretions. All NYAL Druggists have it.
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By training he is a registered pharmacist. Dependable, accurate, ethical. His motto is "service."
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WORTH LOOKING FOR

me. Clear out, will you? And the next time I see you so much as enter this dressing room you're fired. That goes for both of you."

He waited for Archie to pass him and left the dressing room.

So Ratzy knew. And I wondered, as I smeared on the make-up, how long he had known. And how many people knew.

"Aw, lay off, can't you?" I heard his voice outside my dressing room, and realized Ratzy was protecting me from reporters.

But I went right on dancing automatically, and the publicity and Broadway sympathy aroused by the double tragedy of the taxi accident made my stock soar.

Cookie stayed at my house all that time. I guess it's the only time in her career that she refused to "go on with the show." The picture company was frantic, but Cookie didn't even hear them.

In June she went back, somewhat pale and spiritless. He may have been a bum, that handsome bulk of a movie actor, but Cookie had loved her Hawold.

In June I put a For Rent sign on my home, and went home to mama in White Plains. Bert had left his mother insurance, and left everything else, and a smaller policy, to me. It amounted to about nine thousand, when all his obligations were taken care of. And I turned it over to his mother. Much to my mother's irritation. But my marriage to Bert had been a special bargain with my soul; signed, sealed, and delivered.

Well, I had the house. So we leased the house in White Plains and the McAllister house became the Chester house—our home for many years. With Bert's precious office and its private entrance turned into a de luxe apartment for Mildred.

As for the future? It was inescapable. Murillo and Chester—what else was either of us to do separately? We signed a five-year contract to stick together. Menzelli was our genius, though I think both of us took claim for the inspirations and ideas for our dances. We had a white-haired ape man named Peoples who arranged our scores. We had a valet, and a maid, and our own Swedish masseur. We were the high lights of the Capers, and opened one of the most exclusive (and one of the first) subscription dance-and-supper clubs.

At home things were just as flossy. Ours was open house and every one welcome. But mama was not home from ten to three. As regularly as if she were in business she went to a near-by branch of the Stock Exchange. She was just finding her hobby—her life's work. She was just forming the rule to do the exact opposite to whatever a successful or important man told her . . . a rule that seemed to be the basis of her success.

Mildred had her continual lessons, her every hour mapped and routed. She played the violin beautifully and it was her greatest comfort.

Teddy, having flunked out three times in succession, was brought home. Which was what he wanted. And on the promise of a saddle horse, he agreed to finish at Horace Mann and go to Columbia for us.

SO life was happy and amusing and well organized and busy and altogether perfect.

And I was never more unhappy. Because Archie and I had reached the point of admitting our love. And because we couldn't have each other, not for one hour alone. There were the babies to consider, and the ubiquitous O'Rileys. There was Fernand, who guessed and who strained to be gay and pleasing, spending Archie's money for the first time on clothes. She was pretty. She was earnest and devoted and hard-working. She had lost her own career and made her life his life.

What could you do with her?

Never would she spend one minute alone with me for fear either of us would speak our mind. But her eyes would dare me, and I just couldn't take the dare. Neither could Archie. When we danced together we could forget the world; the only brief space that we belonged to each other. No wonder a hush would fall over the puzzled but responsive audience. At first the relief of being together, even under the scrutiny of thousands of eyes . . . and then the torment of being together, bodies pressed close, our breaths on each other's cheeks, every placement of our hands a caress. And then off into the wings, eyes stupid with desire, cheeks flushed and blood tingling.

No two mere mortals could stand it.

So Archie began to drink. And, denied liquor by mama, I took to black coffee. I couldn't eat. I lost weight at the rate of two pounds a week. And one night Ratzy called me to the sacred office that was over the lobby.

"For Pete's sake," he said, "where are you heading?"

"I don't know."

"The boy is going to pieces. Why in hell don't you live with him and be done with it?"

"We can't," I said.

"You talk like some little innocent," Ratzy snorted. "You've been around. You've had experience. Do you want to marry him again? Is that it?"

"We couldn't. There's no divorce in his religion."

"All right then. Have some sense."

"I don't want to talk about it."

"You've got to talk about it," he said. "Now, I'm trying to be your friend. Evidently nobody else gives enough of a damn to face facts with you. Otherwise I'll split up the act."

"You can't do that. We have a five-year—"

"BUGS. You wouldn't last five months. Not without a shooting. One of the three of you is gonna have a funeral. Or else you split." He stood up. "You're mad about him, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Well?"

"We don't want a scandal—a mess. We don't want to bust up everybody's lives for them—" I was crying now. "We made a mess of our lives once—and now we're not free. They let us stay together because we bring in the cash, and yet they know we are both so—so unhappy . . . and they watch us like hawks, day and night . . ."

He drew up his chair and sat in front of me, taking both my hands.

"I can fix that," he said quietly. "You can meet in my apartment. And nobody'll be any the wiser. Leave it to Ratzy. You've no idea how smart I can be when I get started."

I stared at him.

"I suppose there's no use getting sore at you," I sighed. And got up, to fuss with my face before his tiny mirror. "But you just have it all wrong. I couldn't do it—cut and dried like that. It isn't just sex. Ratzy, I love him!"

I began to spill over again, so I gave up. Walked past him and beat it out into the street. And walked home, wondering where it would all end.

It was ending at that moment, only I didn't know it. At the Lambs Club Archie went redheaded at some crack about me—I never did hear what it really was—and knocked down the cluck who made it.

Fernand had phoned several times before I got home. I called her back, insisting I hadn't seen Archie since the act, and that I'd been with Ratzy. I sassed her into calling up Ratzy and verifying it.

At two thirty she phoned again. Archie had called her and said he wasn't coming home that night. That's all he said—"He was all right, but he wasn't coming home."

"If you think he's here, come over and see for yourself!" I flared.

And damned if she didn't come. The sight of her little face, deviled with fear, took the wind out of me. We phoned everywhere we could think of.

"Probably on a binge," I insisted over and over. "He hasn't been on one since Lorna was born."

Her eyes went wide like windows flung open. "Was that it?" she gasped.

And I realized I had given him away—forgetting that he and Lora had cooked up an explanation.

"Were you two together that night?" she demanded. "Were you?"

My hand went up instinctively to slap her. But the cease-anger discipline was strong enough to stop me in mid-air. And through my mind flashed Ratzy's voice: "Not without a shooting . . . One of the three of you

is gonna have a funeral. Or else you split . . ."

I covered my face with my hands.

"You can't deny it, can you?" I heard her voice.

I turned and went into my own bedroom, slammed the door, and locked it. I heard her screaming at me from the other side of the door. "You know he can't divorce me, don't you? You know that, don't you?"

I heard mama coming, demanding quiet. I heard Fernand refusing to go home.

"I'll stay right here," she insisted feverishly. "I'll see if he heads in here when he's on a tear. I'll see if he comes. I'll see."

I felt mama decided to humor her. No other way to handle a wild woman. Insisting they'd wait together and see; impressing upon Fernand that she too wanted to put a stop to all this, and that she had been far more careful of me than Fernand had been of her husband.

So Fernand stayed all night, and mama sat with her. And by eight o'clock all the fight had gone out of Fernand. All that any of us could think of was an accident.

At nine o'clock he called. From his own home.

"He's just got in," she reported, her teeth chattering. "He sounded perfectly sober. Terribly sober."

Mama saw her downstairs and called a cab. When she came upstairs I was on the phone. Talking to Archie—knowing I'd have time before Fernand made the half-mile between us.

"I've joined up," he told me.

"Joined up what?"

"The army, of course."

"But, my God, why?"

"There happens to be a war."

"A WAR?" I stared at mama, who stood in the doorway now. And remembered the speeches about the Red Cross at the theater. "Oh, of course—a war," I said stupidly.

"But, Archie"—I tried to make sense—"what does it mean . . . you don't mean you're going to war?"

"That's what I mean," he said. "I'm spoiling for a good fight. I've already told Ratzy."

He went on talking but I didn't hear him. And when he hung up I knew Fernand had arrived.

I looked at mama, stunned. "How long has the war been going on?"

"About three weeks," she said grimly.

The phone rang and it was Ratzy. Hadn't he said that Archie would quit—walk out and never show up? I was not needed at the theater tonight or any other night. And don't bother him, because he had to fill in our spot by night.

I was dazed and stunned. And mama put me to bed.

And days went by and I hadn't life enough to climb up and down the stairs. So mama got a doctor, who decided I was terribly underweight and headed for pernicious anemia. And they took me to a hospital, and for weeks they tested my blood and took pictures of my lungs and gave me injections and wrapped me in ice-cold sheets which made me sleep. And I cried at the sight of every doctor and every nurse and screamed for Archie to take them away. . . .

So mama dug up Archie, who was down in Camp Upton peeling potatoes. And he was beside me one time when I woke. He held me in his arms, and kissed me over and over and told me he loved me beyond and above everything.

He said, "I am going overseas."

I put both my hands on his cheeks and looked and looked at him, wondering when I'd ever see him again . . . wondering, if he were to die, if he shouldn't know about Boof . . .

"Sometimes I hope I'll never come back," he was telling me gravely.

"Don't say it, Archie. I can't stand it."

"You've got to, dear. And you've got to get well. For my sake. I need to think of you beautiful and strong, waiting for me."

"Waiting for you?"

"Yes. Waiting for me. Because if I come back, Vi, I'm coming back to you. Do you understand?"

"To me?"

"Yes. Because you're all that matters. You love me and I love you, and we'll be together if hell freezes over."

I kissed him.

"Darling," I said. "I'll get well."

"That's right," he said. "And, Vi, if I shouldn't come back—if anything should happen—would you lend a hand to Fernand and the kids? I'm not leaving much."

"Yes, Archie. I will. I promise."

"She's such a little thing—Fernand. And she'd be rather helpless."

"She loves you."

He nodded.

"Somehow with you it's different," he said. "You'll always be a success. That's your road to go. So get well. Get well enough to write me every day, and tell me you fooled the doctors and that you're in the limelight again, where you belong."

"All right, Archie."

"Now go to sleep and remember me beside you holding your hand. And let me remember you sleeping peacefully."

I settled down obediently. Listening to his quiet, regular breathing.

It was darkest night when I woke. And I knew the room was empty. I wanted to scream, because screaming had seemed to comfort me lately. And then I remembered his voice . . . "If I come back, I'm coming back to you."

Clinging hopefully to this precious promise, Violet recovers and renews her struggle for stardom. A strange twist of fate—which you'll learn in next week's installment—alters her plans for happiness. She becomes a star in the movies; she meets Eddie Reynolds again, and a man who was to mean another chapter in her life . . . but Archie . . . ?

The PROBLEM CHILD

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

After Twenty Years in the Limelight, This Remains Bill Tilden's Role — The Moguls of the Game Can Do Nothing With Him—and Very Little Without Him!

THE most extraordinary figure in sports is Bill Tilden, the pro tennis player. He enjoys the unique distinction of having been unwanted by the sport itself while its patrons want little else but Tilden for their money.

After the successful tour of 1934, wherein young Ellsworth Vines ultimately downed him, it was thought that the "old man" was washed up. He was nearly forty-two. The plan was to ease him out and have done with him.

But the planners failed to reckon with the public. It seems to wish to know only if Tilden will or won't win!

When the recent professional tour of stars was being planned last fall, promoters in various sections of the country were sounded out for bookings. It was certain that George Lott and Lester Stoefen would be available. The promoters averred that Mrs. Moody and Helen Jacobs might be lured by gold to join the troupe.

"Never mind all them," the district promoter wrote back to the tour manager. *"Is Tilden coming?"*

This went on until the tour manager had to include the "unpopular" Bill Tilden in the troupe.

What happened? Oh, just the usual thing. The tour opened before a capacity crowd at Madison Square Garden. Tilden defeated Lott in straight sets and then, teaming with Vines, beat the national and world doubles champions, Lott and Stoefen.

Throughout the tour the "old man" more than held his own. He won three matches at singles for every defeat. At doubles he and Vines were slightly ahead of Lott and Stoefen, winning at a ratio of ten to seven.

Financially the tour ran from 5 to 10 per cent behind the record-breaking junket of last year. Without Tilden it would have been a colossal flop.

All this is consistent with the whole career, the whole life of William Tatem Tilden 2d. When he was five years old, he woke up at two o'clock one morning and filled the immediate neighborhood of 519 Hansberry Street, Germantown, Philadelphia, with wild shrieks, startling the Misses Hey, two maiden aunts, from deep slumber.

The aunts, always unduly apprehensive about Master Tilden's welfare—for he was erroneously regarded as a sickly child—rushed to his nursery.

Down at the stationery store on the corner, he sobbed, was a doll in the window. He wanted that doll!

When the aunts failed to move to get it, he set up a terrific howl. Then one remained at the cribside while the other threw on some clothes and hastened out to the store. She rattled the door until the sleepy proprietor responded, purchased the doll, and tiptoed back to him.

The ordinary child would have received a fleshy whack and have been left to sob himself to sleep. But Master Tilden was no ordinary child. And that doll episode was a genuine portent of the unusual life ahead of him.

Tilden's father was for a time president of the Union League Club of Philadelphia. He was prominent in Pennsylvania politics. He met an early death. Tilden's mother, grief-stricken, did not live long after.

For the most part, Master Tilden's boyhood recreation was one long difference of opinion between his elder brother, Herbert, and the maiden aunts. Herbert was a man very much about town, and an intercollegiate tennis champion. An uncle, W. Marmaduke Tilden, was a very good tennis player.

Brother Herbert was against pampering Junior. As much as the Misses Hey tried to sugar-coat the youth, Herbie would try to "make a man out of the kid."

He would drag Master William over to the Germantown Cricket Club and there try to teach him the game.

He got Junior a job as ball boy. But Junior was shy. His diffidence almost disgusted Herbie. Yet Herbie could see that long lean frame and those wide shoulders fitting into the tennis scheme. He could see the spark of individuality. William had a protruding defiant chin, flashing brown eyes, and an abandon in his movements that promised priceless rhythm.

When the struggle between a desire to play the game and the solicitude of his aunts reached a climax, Master Tilden grabbed a racket and set out to show Herbie.

He was an unusual player from the first. He had to fight himself as well as his opponent, because he was self-conscious, awkward, and overanxious. His desire to win and live down Herbie's goading was so strong that he earned immediate unpopularity from both players and spectators. But it was this desire to win that carried him ultimately within striking distance of the top.

He was twenty before the sympathy of Mary K. Browne brought him his first national title. Together they won the mixed-doubles championship of 1913. But in 1914 he wasn't even ranked.

Miss Browne carried him to victory again in 1914 in the mixed doubles. He was rewarded with a Class 6 ranking, which is somewhere between 60 and 70.

At twenty-three he took his first fling at the national grass-court championship. That was in 1916. He was polished off in the first round.

In September, 1919, he was twenty-six and had just failed in his fourth successive quest of the Great Title. The ordinary human would have smashed the rackets and taken to tiddlywinks. What Tilden did was to improve, systematically and laboriously, both his backhand stroke and his service by a full winter of tireless indoor practice at Providence, Rhode Island.

In 1920 he won the indoor singles title, the world championship at Wimbledon, and the Davis Cup from Australasia with Little Bill Johnston.

He returned to Forest Hills and won the Great Title from Johnston. With this sublime achievement Tilden lost all respect for the tennis moguls, the crowds, and most players.

He set about strengthening his position financially. He sold plenty of insurance. He wrote intelligent syndicated articles on tennis, and reported tournaments. This income, with inheritances, made him independent of the picayune tennis subsidies which are doled out to ranking stars who will take them. They consist of transportation and hotel bills, orders for sporting goods, credit slips on supply houses, and unlimited rackets and restringing.

Being independent, Tilden could pick and choose his tournaments. He didn't have to lend himself to the promotion of country clubs, beach resorts, and hotels. He used that tennis racket which he considered best. Thus he straightway became a chronic pain to some officials.

Late in 1923, in a match with Wallace Johnson at Philadelphia, he ran into a fence and bruised a finger. He picked up an infection and went to the hospital, where a portion of the middle finger of his right hand—*the* hand—was amputated.

Of TENNIS

by ARTHUR MANN

"The public seems to wish to know only if he will or won't win."

DRAWING BY N. R. McBRIDE

The tennis world stood aghast. Anti-Tildenites ghoulishly waited for the news that he was through. But he emerged from the ordeal a stronger and more determined individual. He developed new grips and new strokes, then soared quickly to the top again, smiling and swaggering.

Tennis moguls now attacked him where he had attacked them—in the pocketbook.

Straightway it was ruled that a player could not write about a tournament in which he was a competitor, later than three days before its start or sooner than three days after its end.

Tilden protested. The moguls were firm. To make up the loss of income, he increased his output of tennis books—and he is by far the best writer among sports celebrities who write their own stuff. His books sold. Insurance policies sold because people were delighted to meet him. He edited tennis almanacs. He was marketing articles.

He now indulged his long-nursed desire for theatricals. Two of his stage efforts were in Dracula and They All Wanted Something. In Dracula he had a contract on the strength of his tennis fame. What "they wanted" in the other play was financial backing. And they got it from him to the extent of about $100,000.

With his sixth straight triumph in the national singles, in 1925, he was everywhere acknowledged to be the greatest of all players. Still he wanted to win seven and equal the records of Dick Sears and Bill Larned.

But the year 1926 was filled with woe and a bad knee. Vincent Richards was the only American in the semi-finals of the national singles. However, when Richards turned pro in November, Tilden got the No. 1 ranking.

The knee still bothered him in 1927, but the French players bothered him more. He failed again to win that seventh title. Much of his attention, and of everybody else's, was centered on the highly successful professional tour of Richards, Suzanne Lenglen, and Mary Browne.

Tilden wanted to turn pro, but he also wanted to win that seventh title. He might have succeeded in 1928, but he was suspended for criticizing the Davis Cup Committee. France, robbed of her best drawing card for the challenge round, pleaded in his behalf through the American ambassador. Tilden was permitted to play in the cup competition, but was promptly suspended again and deprived of a chance to win that seventh title.

HE patched things up with the officials, and in 1929 polished off his friend Frank Hunter for the seventh title. An eighth would put him far above other players, past and future. But while he was winning the Wimbledon title for the third time, and the championships of Holland, Italy, and Austria, his financial star went into a tail spin. In one stock alone he dropped $75,000. Frank Hunter dropped a million in the same stock.

Tilden suddenly found himself without his financial bulwark. And young John Doeg conquered him in the final round of the national singles.

With Hunter, Tilden turned pro early in 1931. The gold began to come his way again. Amateur tennis has never been the same since.

Tilden has made several small fortunes and he has spent them quickly. He arrived in New York from Europe late in 1933 with next to nothing, but he had succeeded in luring Ellsworth Vines and Henri Cochet into the professional fold. He counted on the tour to pull him through. It was a success from the start. Vines, broke, newly married, and wondering about his economic future, finished with more than $50,000 in the bank. Tilden had a personal profit of $37,000.

But he insisted upon carrying the tennis exhibitions to ridiculous lengths. After the regular tour with Cochet closed, he got some backing from a sporting-goods firm. But the public had been fed up on Tilden versus Vines, and warmer weather made promoters realize that pro tennis is a four-months winter sport.

Still, Tilden continued with the tour. Gate receipts melted away to absurd figures. Vines quit in disgust. Tilden tried to carry on, but his bank roll was gone. He had left a long trail of scars from his flashes of temperament and his bad judgment in handling crowds, sports writers, radio broadcasters, and club officials.

Still undaunted, Tilden, aged forty-two, planned a European trip. It was natural for American promoters to believe that they had heard the last of him. To their dismay, they learned that he is still the one sure box-office draw in the game!

Some future day, when he really is through, the sport world may realize that this despised figure *was* tennis!

THE END

Simple Sadie

A Story Which Should Be a Lesson to You If Perchance You Still Don't Believe What They Say About the Hand That Rocks the Cradle

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

LOUIE THE GONIFF closed the front door quietly behind him. His fat left hand, with the yellow diamond on the ring finger, trembled as he took off his dollar straw hat and hung it on a peg.

He customarily slammed the door and yelled:

"Hullo, Sade. Whatcha gotta eat?"

Sadie always was at home looking after the kids and cooking good concoctions to eat.

Louie still stood by the hatrack. When Joe the Lump told a guy he was through, he was through. And Joe the Lump had told him a half hour ago. Joe had sat there in his restaurant, the Graeco-American Café, a thin short man smoking a fat long cigar, and Joe had said:

"So, you can't keep your nose clean, Louie?"

Louie knew right away what it was. That blonde chicken he'd met at the Duke's, and taken to the baseball game, had squawked. But he had quavered:

"I didn't do nothin', Joe."

The boss hadn't even bothered to answer Louie's protest.

Joe the Lump was boss as far west as the Bowery and Park Row and as far north as Fourteenth Street. There weren't any rackets in his territory that didn't pay Joe.

Louie didn't remember getting home. He had wondered if he ever would be allowed to reach his flat, but here he was. No one knew better than Joe the delicious torture a victim went through, wondering from minute to minute, hour to hour, day to day, when *it* was going to happen.

Louie stumbled against rubbers, and Sadie called from the kitchen:

"Who's there?"

"It's me," Louie replied in a weak voice.

Sadie appeared in the kitchen door with a mop held like a weapon in capable red hands. She was a big woman, taller than Louie, with very light blonde hair and light eyebrows and big shoulders. Her big firm breasts swung uncorseted under a white cotton shirtwaist.

"I thought you was a burglar," she said.

Louie advanced toward the kitchen, and Sadie put the mop in a corner. He held out his arms to her, and took her in them, and laid his head on her capacious bosom. She said:

"What's the matta, Louie? Hunh?"

"Nothin'."

"You're scared of somethin'. What happened?"

"I love you, Sadie. No matter what happens, you know I always loved you, Sadie."

Sadie laughed. She said:

"You love me except when one of those chickens is around, I guess."

"There ain't no chickens, Sadie. That's a lie. I'm gonna die," Louie said.

Sadie laughed. She said:

"Die? You're too bad to die, Louie."

"I ain't kiddin', baby. You don' understan', but I'm hot."

She gave him a shove which threw him to the floor. "You wait here. An' if the stoo is burned I'll crack you."

Sadie let go of him, looking at him with the look in her eyes he usually didn't like. Her eyes were light blue under thick white brows and lashes, untouched by make-up. They held contempt for Joe the Lump and the gang.

"What do you mean you're hot—hunh? Is that one of them words that means you're gonna be murdered by one of those yellow crooks? Hunh?"

Louie choked back a sob. He had such an easy job holding the money for Joe, at baseball games mostly, and sometimes at race tracks. If he only coulda kep' his mouth shut.

"I'm gonna get mine all right, Sadie. Joe just told me."

Sadie stuck big raw red hands on big plump hips.

"Yah! You make me sick—afraid of this Joe, goin' with chickens, and gettin' into trouble, and afraid of Joe and them. You make me sick. Pah-ah!"

"But you don't un'erstan', Sadie. You don't know nothin' about hard guys—about the rackets."

She reached behind her and her thick red fingers began untying her apron. She said:

"I'll hafta han'le this rat. Gawd knows I wanted to for a long time. Joe tha Lump! Pah!"

The last four words were spat. Louie grabbed her with trembling hands.

"You don't un'erstan', Sadie. Please, Sadie!"

She hit him with the back of a big red hand squarely on the mouth and said:

"You shut up. Where's my hat?"

He pleaded with her, but she got her hat, an old rube

by DONALD HENDERSON CLARKE

ILLUSTRATION BY HAROLD DENISON

hat of black straw that dated back to the Ark—nothin' like the chickens wore. Her costume was completed by the cotton waist and an ill-hanging black-and-white-checked skirt, high in front over the abdomen and dragging behind.

He held on to her, and she gave him a shove which threw him to the floor.

"You wait here, Louie, an' don't go out. You mind the babies, an' if the stoo is burned I'll crack you one."

Sadie walked up the steps into the Graeco-American Café. Joe the Lump said to Harry the Pig:

"Louie's dame's comin' to weep on me shoulder. Ain't she a sketch? Beat it."

Sadie opened the door of the restaurant. Ike Moots, the cashier, was behind the desk just inside the door. Sadie said to him:

"Where is Joe tha Lump?"

Ike's eyes shifted to Joe's questioningly. Joe nodded slightly. Ike smiled and said:

"The gennulman is right there."

Sadie half turned and regarded Joe. Joe's light-brown eyes met her light-blue ones with no expression.

A half dozen of Joe's satellites watched with dead-pan faces as Sadie walked over to Joe's table. She stopped two feet from Joe, looking down at him. Her black straw hat was askew on untidy blonde hair. She smelled slightly of perspiration and beef stew. Her hands and wrists were red. Joe's lips curled slightly.

"Excuse me. Are you Joe tha Lump?"

Joe nodded his head a fraction of an inch, his eyes ice-cold. He said:

"That's what they call me."

Sadie nodded. She said: "I just wanted to be sure."

She swung a red right hand which smacked Joe beside the ear. A red left hand took him by the hair and lifted him from his chair. The cigar tumbled to the table unnoticed, Joe choking with swallowed smoke. While all inmates of the restaurant sat paralyzed, Sadie hit Joe again, unscientifically, on the face, so that crimson ran from his nose. Then suddenly she was sitting in a chair, and Joe was across her knee.

Her hand rose and fell twice on the seat of his trousers before he moved. He jerked viciously, biting her thigh. She hit him in the neck, a rabbit punch with the edge of her heavy hand, and he collapsed. She thwacked the seat of his trousers twice more.

Ike Moots, Harry the Pig, Lefty Edwards, Kid Grift, Mike Lemon, and Solly Day started for Joe's table. It was in the bay window. People were looking in from outside. Ike said:

"Hey! Whatcha think you're doin', lady?"

SADIE stood up, letting Joe, unconscious, slide to the floor. She wound a left hand in Ike's scant front hair, and rapped him beside the jaw with her right, leaving fingernail tracks. She was panting. She said:

"You all need a spankin'—the lot of you."

Voices screamed: "Help! Police!"

Policeman Michael J. Tandy of the East Fifth Street Police Station appeared on the steps. Sadie released Ike and grabbed Joe the Lump as he drew a gun, half dazed. She banged Joe's head on the table, took away the weapon—an automatic—and sat down again with Joe across her ample lap, and was beating him severely when Policeman Tandy grabbed her. He said:

"Hey! What's goin' on here?"

Sadie looked up. She dropped Joe and said:

"I was spankin' this Joe tha Lump, officer. He wanted to kill my husband. So I spanked him and he drew a revolver on me."

Policeman Tandy was an old-timer. He grinned at Sadie, hesitated, and took off his service cap. He said:

"Lady, for spankin' this Joe the Lump, the mayor should thank ye. For catchin' him wid a gun in violation av th' Sullivan law, the Prisident should thank ye. For givin' me th' laff of me life on the foorce, I thank ye."

He turned suddenly to the stricken followers of Joe the Lump and said sharply:

"Now, all of yese beat it or else ye'll have broken legs. Gwan, ye bums!" . . .

Sadie opened her front door and sniffed. She rushed to the kitchen and snatched off the stew.

Louie came in the door. He raised an arm as if in self-defense. He said:

"Aw, Sade, I forgot!"

Sadie put her big arms around him and kissed him. She said, "You just leave those chickens alone, Louie. I gave that Joe tha Lump a good spankin' an' he got arrested. I guess you're all right now."

Louie's jaw dropped and he stared at her.

Sadie removed the archaic hat. "That's what a lot of those bad boys need—a good spankin'."

THE END

The SPARK of DEATH

Liberty's Short Short

by EVRAM GERSHON

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

A STAR shell flared, and Sparky froze into immobility. Over the crook of his elbow he could see the rest of the raiding party, about forty feet ahead. They were scattered about a huge shell hole, playing dead under the ghastly glare. He lay quiet until it faded, then went on trying to free his foot from the muck of wire and mud.

There came the scream of a shell. Sparky was flattened into the mud, his breath squeegeed out of him. He blew his nose hard to unflex his squashed-in eardrums, then lifted himself cautiously on his arms, peering into the night. Another Very light glowed and a Lewis gun barked. Before he ducked Sparky saw the boys again. They were still scattered about the shell hole. They were not playing dead any more. . . .

So it had happened again. As it had to the last raiding party and to the surprise attack before that. Only it hadn't been a surprise at all. The enemy seemed to know all about it. There was a leak somewhere, for when they struck, it was not blindly.

He reached out in the dark and gratefully touched the piece of barbed wire that had delayed him. He might have been with the others. A minute before, he had been one of a party of adventurers on a dangerous mission. Now he was just a scared kid who had had to lie about his age to get into this hell. He lay there, sick and unmoving. Then, without warning, the bottom of the hole dropped from under him. He was catapulted downward, rolling in soft earth and mud. Swearing softly, he got to his knees, brought out his flashlight, and threw its dull glow about.

He saw that he had fallen into a tunnel. Two rusty tracks along its floor sloped away into a dank shiver-giving darkness. He remembered now that they were stationed near a one-time mining town; that he had heard some talk of abandoned workings far below the field of battle. A great weariness was upon him. He settled on a fallen beam and relaxed against a musty wall.

With a familiar unthinking gesture he took out his pocket comb and passed it with quick nervous thrusts through his thatch of unruly red hair. Immediately there came a crackle of electric sparks like the rattle of some Lilliputian machine gun.

Sparky. That's where he got that nickname. From that hair of his. And from his habit of combing it jerkily every time he was puzzled or excited about something. He was never without a comb and there wasn't a time when his hair wouldn't pop with static discharges, unless it happened to be wet.

A shell smashed into the hole through which he had fallen. The night sky was blotted out by a packing of solid earth and stones. For a moment he threw himself, clawing, at this new wall. Then he turned and stared into the yawning dark of the tunnel. His weariness driven from him by the hysteria of the trapped animal, he started down the slope between the tracks, a soundless whimper in his quick breath.

Ever deeper and deeper he went, and was suddenly frozen into unbelieving petrifaction—by the sound of voices. English! He started a shout and smothered it with his palm as another voice broke in:

"*Das ist gut, sehr gut.* Fine. This iss what we haff been so long waiting for. Now we start an offensive. You did fine, excellent, Herr Schmitt. The Faderland will not forget your services."

There was more, some laughter and talk, and under cover of it he slipped into a cross tunnel and moved along it to where another branch cut in. A dull glow came from the intersection. On cat feet he turned the corner.

Hanging from a rusty nail, an electric lamp cast a flecked light on two enemy officers and a private leaning on his bayoneted rifle. And upon Herr Schmitt. Herr Schmitt—who was Sergeant Charley Smith of Sparky's own regiment! So that was how the enemy came to know! That was why his buddies were out there now, being hammered into the mud—and not caring.

Sparky stepped into visibility, his pistol catching the glow of the lamp. The officers stiffened. The surprised private leaned his bayonet point against his belly; his arms became parentheses about his trench-thinned face. Smith's head snapped around like a released spring.

"Sparky!"

"Rat! Traitor!" The words came like spit from between his drawn lips.

"Not traitor, Sparky, only spy." He smiled wryly.

The boy covered them grimly, a puzzled, hating kid, uncertain of his next move, uncertain even of a way out. To kill them might mean trapping himself in the tunnel. To ask them to lead the way probably meant walking right into the enemy lines. Suddenly the world broke again in an inferno of solid air, flying dirt, and crashing beams.

Sparky was brought back to consciousness by the tearing agony in his legs. He knew they were both crushed even before he tried to move them beneath the weight of beam and earth. Strangely, the lamp still hung from the beam. It cast its cone of light on a twitching grotesque—the private, pinned to the wall by his own bayonet. The two officers were helping each other up. Near Sparky, Schmitt rose to his knees. He came and bent over Sparky. He tried but could not even budge the beam.

"Bad?" he asked. Sparky nodded twice, dumbly, and looked up at him in questioning torture. An acrid draft bit their nostrils. One of the officers shouted, pointing to a yawning hole in the wall.

"Gas, Schmitt, mine gas, from the old closed shaft. Your mask. Come, I must get this information to headquarters. What are you waiting for?"

"Can't leave him. He might escape the gas and get back to the American lines. It would mean the end of my work." He raised his automatic and pointed it at Sparky's head. The German officer leaped forward. His swagger stick knocked the gun from his hand.

"*Nein, nein!* The gas! The fire from the gun might set it off—explode us all to little pieces."

Schmitt nodded and adjusted his mask. Grimly the officer laid hands on the butt of the private's rifle. A twist, a pull, and the corpse dropped.

Sparky's eyes widened, unblinking in the sting of gas. His hand reached into his pocket—came out again. Staring, he passed his pocket comb through his hair.

It crackled. A shower of electric sparks was discharged into the gas-filled air.

THE END

TO THE *Ladies*

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, FRIEND OF THE FAMOUS IN EUROPE, AND DESCENDANT OF THE FIRST CZAR OF RUSSIA

READING TIME • 3 MINUTES 57 SECONDS

SOMETIMES she wears blue butterflies in her jet-black hair. She is tall, very straight, very slender. Voice of clear contralto tones quietly modulated. Her name—Te Ata—means *Bearer of the Morning*. She's an American-Indian girl; on the stage she portrays dramatically the ancient arts and legends of her people.

The other day she told me interesting things about the women of the Indian tribes. Apart from war, they seem to have been quite definitely the real leaders, thinkers, bosses of the wigwam.

TE ATA

An old Indian grandmother once said to Te Ata, "All my life I have been trying to learn as the chickadee learns."

"How," Te Ata asked, "does the chickadee learn?"

"By keeping still—and listening."

When Indian travelers came to a strange village, it was customary for the women of the village to soil their own clothing with mud and ashes—so the visitors would not feel ashamed of their travel-stained garments.

Match *that* for feminine politeness!

Te Ata hails from Oklahoma and the Chickasaw-Choctaw tribe; is married to a well known scientist. One of her Indian programs was a feature of Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt's first formal dinner at the White House.

Now, how do you think the Indian women used to keep peace among themselves? Te Ata told me. "Every year," she said, "they dug a big deep hole in which they ceremoniously buried all their unkind thoughts."

A relative of mine has been living in Morocco; has picked up a smattering of the Arab language. She was amused by the custom of bringing servants, and the servants' children, into dinner conversations there. Soon she discovered the reason. Arabs respect childish wisdom.

At one dinner party my relative's Arab host invited his cook's little girl—eight years old—into the dining room for dessert. There had been a military display in the town that morning, and the little girl was still excited by her memory of it. "Soldiers," she said thoughtfully, "are different than us."

"Why are the soldiers different?" she was asked.

"Because," she said, "they *like* to kill each other."

"Will you kindly explain," said some one at a party I attended recently, "why there never has been a woman magician or sleight-of-hand artist of any note?"

That is true as far as I know, and I also wonder why. It can't be that we lack sufficient manual dexterity; women have won high places as violinists, sculptors, speed fiends on the typewriter. And we certainly are not without talent as creators of illusion. Then why is it that legerdemain does not appeal to us? Perhaps we know too many other ways of fooling people.

"What is it," a woman reader asks me, "that makes cigarettes turn some people's fingers yellow, while the fingers of other people never become discolored?"

I have tried to obtain an authoritative answer to her question, but opinions vary. One medical view is that tobacco discolors your fingers if you have too much acid in your blood. Others say it all depends on the way you hold your cigarette. They say you get yellow fingers if you hold it with the lighted end down, so that the smoke seeps up between the fingers. Try holding the lighted end up, or the cigarette horizontal.

The *goodness* of modern children has added five years to the life of the average school-teacher. A statistician says the kids of twenty years ago were so much harder to manage that teachers often became nervous wrecks and perished five years younger than they do now. To what does he attribute the change? Healthier children, happier home life, better home training in self-discipline.

For thrills and shivers read Land of Women, the South American historical novel by Baroness Katharina Dombrowski. (Published by Little, Brown & Company.)

This recipe comes to me from a reader who says she learned how to make it in a Belgian convent.

Soak a thick slice of fresh ham 4 hours in a little lemon juice. Dry well. Brown lightly on both sides in hot fat. Add 2 cups white wine, 1 cup mushroom stalks and peelings. Close your pan tight and cook 2½ hours over very low flame. If possible use earthenware pan set on asbestos mat. Skim fat off sauce, strain, add ½ cup wine or water. Fry 1 pound mushrooms, chop them, mix in sauce, and pour sauce over cooked macaroni. Serve ham on large platter surrounded with macaroni.

The Case of the CARETAKER'S Cat

by ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK GODWIN

READING TIME • 26 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

PART TEN—CONCLUSION

MASON stepped to the witness stand, took the oath, and sat down. Judge Pennymaker looked at him with some sympathy, then said to Truslow, "After all, counselor, while your comment as to Counselor Mason's methods of representing a client may have some justification, the fact remains that Counselor Mason is an attorney at law. He is not restricted to the representation of any one client. If it should appear, as I think it will appear, that he also represented Winifred Laxter, the Court will hold as a privileged communication anything which Winifred Laxter may have said to him. As you have so aptly pointed out, Counselor Mason's methods are perhaps somewhat unusual, but you must admit that his history shows a long line of successes which have been achieved, not through a defense of the guilty, but through strikingly original methods of demonstrating the innocence of his clients."

"I'm not talking about the past," Truslow said grimly, "I'm talking about the present."

"I thank Your Honor for holding out a life line to me," Mason said smilingly, "but I hardly think it will be necessary."

Truslow said, "Your name is Perry Mason? You are an attorney at law?"

"That is right."

SHE TURNED INTO A HELLCAT . . .

"You are the attorney representing Douglas Keene?"

"I am."

"Did you go to the waffle place operated by Winifred Laxter on the night of the twenty-third?"

"I did."

"Did you take a cat into your possession at that place?"

SWIFTLY AND SURPRISINGLY THE PERRY MASON'S ADVENTURES—

THEN SHE CAME FOR ME. I DON'T THINK I COULD HAVE FOUGHT HER OFF WITHOUT THE CLUB

"I did," said the counselor-witness with a twinkle. "What did you do with that cat?"

Perry Mason smiled, "I'll even go farther than your question, Mr. Truslow. The cat was given to me with the statement that it was Clinker, the caretaker's cat, and Winifred Laxter stated that the cat had been in her possession ever since shortly after eleven o'clock, when it had been delivered to her by Douglas Keene, the defendant in this case.

"I told Miss Laxter that it was important the police did not find the cat there, and I took the cat and personally delivered it to my secretary with instructions to

THREADS OF MYSTERY UNTANGLE IN THE STRANGEST OF ALL

CAN YOU GUESS THE DENOUEMENT WITHOUT TURNING THIS PAGE?

her to be sure not to let it get out of her possession."

"And just why did you do that?" Truslow asked.

"I did it," Perry Mason said, "so that there would be no chance for the cat to escape and return to the Laxter residence."

It took a moment for the meaning of Mason's words to penetrate to Truslow's consciousness. He frowned and said, "What?"

"I did it so the cat couldn't get back to the Laxter residence."

"I don't understand," Truslow stated.

"In other words," Mason remarked calmly, "I wanted to establish that if the cat tracks on the counterpane of the bed in which Charles Ashton was found dead were those of Clinker they must have been made prior to the time Douglas Keene left the house."

Truslow frowned. For a moment he forgot his role of questioner as he sought to follow Mason's reasoning. "That," he said, "doesn't benefit your client any."

"It does to this extent," Mason answered: "It clarified the situation so that the real murderer could be found."

Truslow asked no question, but stood in puzzled contemplation, waiting for Mason to go on, while Judge Pennymaker leaned forward in order to miss no word.

"I acted on the assumption," Mason said, "that Keene was innocent. I couldn't definitely prove his innocence except by proving some one else was guilty. The police officers jumped to the conclusion that Keene was lying. On the face of it, Keene must have been lying. Ashton was undoubtedly killed at ten thirty. Keene was undoubtedly in Ashton's room, where the body was subsequently found, at ten thirty. There were cat tracks on the counterpane. The police jumped to the conclusion those tracks were made by Clinker. But Keene said he had left the house shortly after eleven, taken Clinker with him, and, at the time he left, Ashton's body was most certainly not in the room.

"In place of following the reasoning of the police and acting on the assumption Keene was lying, I decided to act upon the assumption Keene might be telling the truth. In that event, the cat tracks could not have been those of Clinker; in that event Ashton could not have been at the place where his body was found at ten thirty. Yet, since he was undoubtedly killed at ten thirty, it becomes very apparent that he must have been killed at some place other than that in which his body was found. In that event, the cat tracks must have been made by some cat other than Clinker.

"When I had reasoned this far I suddenly realized the importance of proving just that point and of accounting for every minute of Clinker's time, from the moment Keene took him from the house. I could think of no better manner than to take him into my personal custody and keep him where the murderer couldn't find him."

"WHY," Truslow demanded, "did you want to establish the fact that this cat, Clinker, was taken from the house by your client?"

"Because," Mason said, "Clinker was the only cat who had access to the residence. Moreover, Clinker kept other cats chased out of the neighborhood. Therefore, *if* Keene was telling the truth, Ashton's body must have been brought to the house after Ashton was murdered, and the murderer, in order to make it seem that Ashton had been murdered while in bed, and to direct suspicion toward Douglas Keene, must have gone out into the night in search of a cat and brought it forcibly to the house, taken it to the bed where Ashton's body lay—a bed, by the way, on which the sensitive nostrils of a cat could have detected the odor of Clinker—and forced that cat to make tracks on the counterpane.

"If that is what happened, one who is at all familiar with the nature of cats would realize that the cat would be very apt to resent such treatment and that his resentment would take the form of deep scratches on the murderer's hands. I therefore looked over the possible suspects to find some one with scratched hands. When I found that person, I found he had sought to conceal the scratches on his hands by making additional scratches under circumstances which would seem to offer an explanation for scratched hands—to wit—digging around a rosebush, apparently in an attempt to discover treasure; but the digging was certainly not the type of digging one would indulge in if trying to unearth a million-dollar treasure. Therefore I came to the conclusion that the digging was for the sole purpose of furnishing him an excuse by which he could account for scratches on his hands, claiming that they had been inflicted by the rose thorns."

Truslow's eyes were opened so wide that they seemed to bulge.

"You mean Frank Oafley? Why, Frank Oafley was with Edith DeVoe at the time Ashton was murdered."

"Yes," Mason said, "I let this entire trial proceed merely because I wanted to get that admission from his own lips, because Ashton *was not murdered in his bed, but was murdered in the apartment of Edith DeVoe.* He *must* have been murdered there. It is the only explanation which satisfies all of the physical facts in the case. Remember that Ashton was a frail weazened individual, and that a driveway went directly past the window over his bed. A strong man could have slid Ashton's body through that window with the greatest ease."

"JUST a minute," Truslow objected, suddenly aware of what was happening. "You're on the witness stand as a witness, Mr. Mason, yet you're making an argument in the case."

"Called to the witness stand," Perry Mason remarked urbanely, "as a witness on behalf of the prosecution, and I am testifying in response to a question from you asking that I explain my motive in taking the cat from Winifred Laxter and concealing it where none of the parties to the action could find it until after the police had taken it into their custody for safekeeping. And to insure the fact that the police *would* keep it safe, I led the police to believe that by holding this cat they could implicate my client and perhaps cause me some embarrassment as an attorney."

Judge Pennymaker smiled and said, "I think Counselor Mason is probably making rather an argumentative answer; but the Court is certainly going to hear it. Go on with your explanation, Mr. Mason."

"I felt certain," Perry Mason said, turning to the Court, "that Peter Laxter was not dead."

Judge Pennymaker shook his head, as though trying to clear his senses. "Felt certain that *what?*" he asked.

"That Peter Laxter was not dead. Everything pointed to the fact that Edith DeVoe and Frank Oafley had plotted against his life; that they had decided to introduce carbon monoxide gas into his bedroom. The evidence in this case shows that Charles Ashton, the caretaker, and who was a devoted servant, apparently received from Peter Laxter a large sum of money and the famous Koltsdorf diamonds; that this property was delivered to him for safekeeping, the reason being that Peter Laxter must have known in advance his country house was going to be destroyed by fire.

"In other words, either Peter Laxter or Charles Ashton knew that an insidious attempt at murder was going to be made by some one. Edith DeVoe told me that it was made by Sam Laxter, but I am inclined to think she said that as part of a prearranged scheme by which she and Frank Oafley had conspired to murder Laxter, and then, by accusing Sam Laxter of the murder, eliminate him from sharing in the estate, leaving Frank Oafley as the sole heir.

"Peter Laxter decided to let the conspirators go ahead with their murder plot. For reasons of his own, he wanted to disappear. One of those reasons was probably that he wanted to bring Winifred Laxter to her senses by letting her see how the two men who professed to love her would behave if she apparently were disinherited. So Ashton, the caretaker, who was in Peter Laxter's complete confidence, went to the charitable ward of the hospital. He found there a man—a Watson Clammert—who was dying; who had no relatives and no property. Ashton gave this man the best medical attendance and nursing, knowing in advance that it was a hopeless case. He built up, by this means, a fictitious relationship, so that no question was raised when Ashton

took the body after the man had died in the hospital.

"Undoubtedly the conspirators had been watching for just the right opportunity to perpetrate their crime, and undoubtedly Peter Laxter had shrewdly deprived them of this opportunity until he had completed his preparations, which included getting a body and reducing all of his negotiable property to cash so that his ostensible heirs could not loot his estate.

"Watson Clammert, however, had a driving license and certain papers of identification, so it was easier for Peter Laxter to assume the name of Watson Clammert than it was to adopt an entirely new name. When the stage had been set, he let the conspirators burn up his country house, after going to the elaborate trouble of introducing carbon monoxide gas into his bedroom. They then went ahead and probated his will while Peter Laxter sat on the side lines and laughed at them.

"You understand, Your Honor, I am now stating the reasons which lay behind my actions. Much of this is, of necessity, assumption, but I think the assumption is well taken.

"EVERY one has acted upon the assumption that because Oafley was not present *where Ashton's body was found* at the time Ashton was murdered, he has a good alibi. As a matter of fact, there is nothing which actually indicates that Ashton was murdered at the place where his body was found. I believe that he was murdered in Edith DeVoe's apartment. I believe that he went there, or was lured there by the conspirators when they found out that Ashton knew of their conspiracy. I think that they both believed Peter Laxter was dead. I think that they killed Ashton, cut up the crutch, took out the diamonds, and, knowing that they had to dispose of Ashton's body, slipped it out of the window into Oafley's waiting automobile. Then Frank Oafley drove his machine to the Laxter residence sometime after the defendant had left the premises with the cat, and slid the body through the window which was customarily left open to enable the cat to go in and out.

"The murderer knew that Clinker customarily slept on the bed. So he looked around to find Clinker and found that Clinker had been taken a few minutes earlier by Douglas Keene, so he immediately realized what damaging evidence he could pile up against Keene if there were cat tracks on the bed. So he went out, found a cat, and forced the cat to make tracks on the bed. In doing this his hands were scratched.

"Oafley wanted to have some logical explanation by which he could account for his scratched hands. So he arranged to have a telegram sent to him, and, in order to make that telegram appear natural, he arranged that a checkup would apparently show it had been sent by Winifred Laxter. This telegram gave Oafley an opportunity to dig in the rosebush, so that he could have a logical explanation for his scratched hands.

"Now then, Your Honor, we enter upon the phase of the case which so far can only be a matter of speculation. As soon as I realized that it was contemplated a Watson Clammert might be given access to the safety deposit boxes Ashton had rented, I realized that Peter Laxter had, for the sake of convenience, taken the name of Watson Clammert, probably in order to use Clammert's driving license, rather than apply for another. I don't *know* what happened in Edith DeVoe's apartment shortly after eleven o'clock, but I can surmise what happened. Oafley assisted her in killing the caretaker. Then he took the caretaker's body, leaving the crutch in Edith DeVoe's apartment. They sawed up the crutch and intended to burn it up, after having removed the diamonds. Sam Laxter went to his lawyer's office in the green sedan. He returned home in the caretaker's Chevvy. Therefore, he must have found the Chevvy parked at some place where he visited after leaving Smith's office.

"He wouldn't have taken this car unless he had thought Ashton was dead, or unless he was in a hurry caused by panic.

"I feel certain that he and Smith discussed the fact that Edith DeVoe was making charges against him. I think Smith found out what was happening from remarks dropped by Oafley. I think Sam Laxter went to see Edith DeVoe, either with or without Nathaniel Smith's knowledge. Sam Laxter went to the apartment and found her dying. He left in a panic, and it is reasonable to surmise that he called his attorney, Nathaniel Smith.

"NOW then, the question arises, who did murder Edith DeVoe? I don't know; but I do know that Peter Laxter, masquerading as Watson Clammert, purchased a new 1935 Buick. I do know that a new 1935 Buick was seen by witnesses parked immediately behind the caretaker's Chevvy in front of Edith DeVoe's apartment house. The probabilities are that Peter Laxter went there to wait for Ashton to come out. After a period of waiting, Peter Laxter went to Edith DeVoe's apartment. This was probably at about eleven o'clock or a little later. He found Edith DeVoe under most incriminating circumstances. The caretaker's crutch had been sawed up and was being burned in the grate. The Koltsdorf diamonds were probably in plain sight on a table. I don't think Laxter lost his temper and struck Edith DeVoe purposely with a club. But we must remember that Laxter was an elderly man; that Edith DeVoe was vigorous and well formed, strong, and feline. She probably was the one who attacked Laxter. Laxter took the first weapon which came to his hand, pulling out a piece of the sawed-up crutch from the fireplace. We can surmise that the crutch had just started to burn, because a few minutes before Edith DeVoe had gone to the next apartment to borrow a match. And I think the police will find the fingerprint on that club was left by Peter Laxter—alias Watson Clammert."

Perry Mason smiled at the startled prosecutor.

Dr. Jason pushed his way into the courtroom. His

FASHION FLASHES From PARIS

The ostrich, the coq, and the fox—no, it's not the title of a fairy tale but a list of fashion's favorites. These three parade around the neck or shoulders of the smartest Parisiennes, dividing honors equally. Sometimes made into boleros, but much more often capes longer in back than in front, they are knotted under the chin or, loose there, fasten themselves around the waist. No other wrap is so smartly feminine. But ostrich and coq are no longer au naturel. Ostrich must be dyed in pastel tones and mixed with tulle or velvet, while coq feathers are glued to fine canvas, with paillettes scattered about for sparkling fancy's sake. And this, madame, is the mode.

DORAMILLER.

manner was excited. "The man didn't meet his death by burning," he said, "or from carbon monoxide poisoning, either. He apparently died from natural causes, and there isn't any break in the right leg, so the body wasn't that of Peter Laxter."

Hamilton Burger burst into the courtroom through another door. "Your Honor," he said, "halt this trial immediately. The district attorney's office demands an indefinite continuance. A man arrested as a car thief in New Mexico as Watson Clammert has telegraphed a confession, stating that he is really Peter Laxter; that he knows Edith DeVoe and Frank Oafley killed Charles Ashton, and that Peter Laxter, invading Edith DeVoe's apartment to get evidence of that murder, struck the blow which killed Edith DeVoe. Panic-stricken, he wanted to escape. It's all here in this telegram. He's now willing to came back and face the music."

Pandemonium broke loose in the courtroom.

Winifred Laxter, with a glad cry, ran toward Douglas Keene, whose open arms were waiting for her.

Perry Mason uncrossed his legs, smiled at the startled face of Judge Pennymaker, reached out, and snapped his fingers at Clinker.

"Hi, Clinker," he said. . . .

Perry Mason sat in his office. Della Street looked across the desk at him with starry eyes.

"Are you going to defend Peter Laxter?" she asked.

"If they prosecute him, I am."

"I don't see how you knew what had happened."

"I didn't," he said, "at first. But I had a shrewd suspicion later on. There were two or three things which gave me a pretty good idea. Notice the manner in which Frank Oafley married Edith DeVoe. During the time he was living with Peter Laxter he said his courting was of necessity surreptitious because of Peter Laxter's objections. But *he* thought Peter Laxter was dead after the house had burned up. There was no necessity for having a secret marriage ceremony and no necessity for not going on a honeymoon, but returning to the Laxter home. I am forced to conclude, therefore, that the reason both parties were so anxious to have the marriage ceremony performed was due to the fact that they realized a wife could not be examined against her husband without the consent of her husband, nor a husband be compelled to give testimony against his wife. This was because they knew the conspiracy was likely to be discovered, and that means that, in some manner, they had found out Ashton had knowledge of the conspiracy. They thought Peter Laxter was dead. Therefore Ashton was the only one who could have known it.

"But the really significant clue is the one of the crutch. The theory of the prosecution was that the person who murdered Ashton had taken the crutch to Edith DeVoe's apartment and then murdered Edith DeVoe. That manifestly would have been impossible unless Edith DeVoe had been a party to the Ashton murder, because the crutch wasn't sawed up when it was taken there. It was sawed up in the apartment, and pieces of it had been burned in the grate. That would indicate that Ashton had been in the apartment; that his murderers had cut up the crutch after they'd killed him."

"WHERE would you have been if the police hadn't apprehended the grandfather?" Della Street asked.

"I don't know," Mason said. "I might have been able to make it stick, and I might not, but I think I could have pieced the facts together."

"Why didn't you accuse Oafley earlier?" she asked.

"Because," said Mason slowly, "of various factors involved. In the first place, I wanted Douglas Keene to come through. And in the second place," and he chuckled, "I wanted to grandstand. If I had tipped off the police, they'd have taken all the credit, and they might have bungled the case so that Keene would never have been really vindicated. They might even have framed him. And I wanted Frank Oafley to admit under oath being with Edith DeVoe at the exact time that Ashton was murdered."

"And," she said, "last but not least, you so love to skate on thin ice that you like to play people one against the other while you take all kinds of chances."

"Perhaps," he grinned. "As I've told you before, I like to play a no-limit game."

"But why didn't you get Drake to find Watson Clammert?"

"He probably couldn't have done it in time. He'd have been handicapped. The best organized law-enforcement agency in the country today is the one perfected by insurance companies to apprehend automobile thieves. They've worked out a perfect system of co-ordination. Ordinarily police don't co-ordinate. They do in automobile cases. So I fixed things so Watson Clammert would be apprehended as a car thief. That got me quick results, enabled us to have him arrested, and brought about his confession. After all, it was really very simple. By going to the Biltmore Hotel, establishing our identities as honeymooners, letting the clerk see our new car, and get interested in you, then having you conceal the car and report it as stolen, we started in motion the machinery which was bound to put a finger on Clammert. He was entirely unsuspecting. He was driving the car he had purchased under his assumed name. It was only a matter of hours until he'd be arrested."

"Well," Della Street said, "the Lord knows your methods are unconventional, but I *will* say this for them, they're effective."

He grinned at her.

"AND," she said, "now that we've finished up this case, we have an extra Buick sedan on our hands. What are we going to do with it?"

"You see," he said, "it's a handy car to have around—in case I should ever want to go on a honeymoon. . . . In the meantime, is there anything of importance in this stuff?"

He indicated several sheets of office memoranda which had been placed on his desk.

Her quick fingers shuffled through the papers and picked out one. "This," she said, "is a client with whom Jackson talked. He wants to see you about his sister."

"What about the sister?" Mason asked.

"She can't sleep. She's been receiving mysterious letters and telephone calls. She's all upset and has spent the last two nights pacing the floor and smoking cigarettes. I knew you'd give her a break, and you'll probably want me to make a file entitled—"

"The Case of the Sleepless Sister," he interrupted, grinning. . . .

The plain-clothes man stared at Perry Mason aggressively, shifted his eyes to Della Street, then turned again to Mason. "You don't get to see Peter Laxter, alias Watson Clammert, without a pass from the D. A.," he said.

Mason regarded the man with contemplative appraisal.

"Any charge against him?" he asked.

"He's being held on suspicion of murder."

"Why don't you take him to jail, then?"

"That's my business."

Mason sighed and took from his pocket a leather folder. From this folder he extracted a folded piece of paper. He passed it across to the plain-clothes officer, who stared at it with growing incredulity.

"Why, say," he exclaimed, "this *is* a pass from the D. A.!"

Mason nodded.

"Wait a minute," the guard said. "I don't like this. This is irregular. This man is being held . . . Seems to me the D. A. should—"

Mason gestured toward a telephone. "Would you," he invited, "like to ring up the district attorney and tell him you question his judgment?"

The guard flushed, shoved back the paper. "Oh, well," he said, "go on in. But the girls can't go in."

Mason tucked his hand through Winifred Laxter's left arm, through Della Street's right. "The pass," he pointed out, "instructs you to admit Mr. Mason and his stenographic assistants."

"Both of these your secretaries?" the guard inquired.

Mason smiled as he nodded. "One of them has recently been employed, but that doesn't alter her legal status."

The guard flung open the door of a sitting room in the

expensive hotel suite. A man with a shock of white hair, seated by the window, raised tired gray eyes to survey the group in lackluster appraisal. Then, as Winifred Laxter ran forward, he jumped to his feet, his face lighting with animation.

"Grandy!" she exclaimed, laughing and crying at the same time. "Oh, grandy! I'm so glad! Even when they told me you weren't dead, I couldn't believe it. Why did you do it? Why did you make those who loved you suffer so?"

He held her close. His voice was thin and reedy. "I was so tired of it all, Winnie. So tired of the grasping greed of Frank and Sam. And then, when I saw that Harry Inman's glib tongue had hypnotized you, I didn't know what to do.

"Charlie Ashton told me about something he'd overheard. Frank and the nurse had figured out a way they could kill me and never be discovered. You'll never know how I felt, Winnie. I'm an old man. I'd made money. I couldn't take the money with me. I wanted to leave it to my loved ones. And then I realized that some of those I loved didn't love me. All they loved was my money. They looked on me as an obstacle standing between them and wealth."

He broke off to look over her shoulder at Perry Mason and at the warm sympathy of Della Street's eyes.

"Who are these people?" he asked.

"The lawyer," Winnie said, "who defended Douglas. This is Perry Mason and his secretary, Della Street."

MASON said slowly, "And you might as well tell him the rest of it, Winnie. Tell him I'm the one who had him arrested."

"*You* had me arrested?"

Mason nodded. "I had you arrested," he said, "because I knew it was inevitable sooner or later that your own conscience would make you surrender. You couldn't remain estranged from the only one who really did love you, and to insure whose happiness you went to so much trouble. But I knew that if I waited until you did surrender, at least one murder would be pinned on Douglas Keene."

Winifred put her hand on her grandfather's arm. "He's consented to take your case, grandy, if you want him. He's Perry Mason, the famous lawyer who won't handle a case unless he really believes his client isn't guilty, and when he starts fighting he never stops."

"Have you talked with the district attorney?" Mason asked Laxter.

The white head nodded slowly. "I told him everything. I heard Ashton had gone to call on the nurse. I was afraid he'd say too much. I wanted to stop him. I reached the curb just as Ashton was going into the apartment house. I called to him, but he didn't hear me. I waited for him to come out. After a while, Oafley came out and drove a car around into the alleyway. A little later Oafley drove back past me. He didn't see me, but I saw him. His face was white. I had an idea something was wrong. I sat in my car and fought that feeling for several minutes. Then I gave in and went to Edith DeVoe's apartment. After all, there was no reason why I shouldn't come back to life. I'd satisfied myself that the only two persons on earth who really cared for me were Winnie and Charlie Ashton.

"That woman was smooth, I can tell you. She put two and two together and knew what had happened as soon as she saw me, and started telling a bunch of lies.

"BUT I wasn't interested in her lies; I was interested in knowing what had happened to Charlie Ashton. When she realized I'd actually seen Ashton enter the house, she turned into a hellcat. I was going to call the police. I saw a fire just starting in the grate. I pulled out a piece of the wood. It was part of Ashton's crutch. Then she came for me. I'm not strong. I had to defend myself. . . . That's what I told the district attorney. I'm telling you the truth. I don't think I could have fought her off without the club. But when I started I couldn't stop. I remembered how she'd plotted my murder, how she'd helped my own grandson try to kill me, how she must have killed poor old Charlie Ashton. . . . I hit her . . . and hit her again . . ."

He was silent, and shuddered.

Mason said, "I'll defend you."

"I don't think you'll have to," Laxter said slowly. "The district attorney understands. He told me he wasn't going to prosecute if he could help it. He said no jury on earth would ever convict me when they realized the facts. He said the newspapers had played up the story of Douglas Keene's trial and your startling defense so that every one sympathized with me. . . . But there's one thing I *do* need a lawyer for."

Mason raised his eyebrows.

"Is that woman a stenographer?" Laxter asked, nodding toward Della Street.

"Yes," she told him.

Laxter indicated a black oblong case.

"There's a portable typewriter in there," he said. "You, Mr. Mason, dictate a will for me to sign right now. All of my property goes to Winifred. You two can witness it. . . . And pray God you never live to be as old and as disillusioned as I am. But, if you do, let's hope you have a granddaughter who's as sweet and understanding as Winnie."

Della Street stepped toward the portable typewriter, unsnapped the fastenings with swiftly efficient fingers. Winifred, her eyes filled with tears, pressed her lips close to her grandfather's cheek.

Peter Laxter kept his eyes on Perry Mason. "Young man," he said, "you have a lot of life before you. Put in your time making friends instead of making money. . . . Now start dictating that will."

THE END

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DRAWING NO. 9

NAME OF PLAYER.....

DRAWING NO. 10

NAME OF PLAYER.....

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TWENTY PRIZES, Each $10	200
200 PRIZES, Each $5	1,000

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish two drawings each of which will indicate, suggest, or reveal the first and last names of a prominent motion-picture player.
2. To compete, clip or trace each drawing and underneath write the name of the motion-picture player it reveals to you.
3. When you have a complete set of twenty drawings named, write a statement of not more than seventy-five words explaining which among the players you have named is your favorite and why.
4. The entry with the greatest number of correct names accompanied by the best statement of preference rated on the basis of clarity and interest will be judged the best. All prizes will be awarded on this basis. In case of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.
5. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, October 2, 1935, the closing date of this contest. No entries will be returned. Simplicity is best.
6. Submit all entries by first-class mail to GAME OF MOVIE STARS, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

THIS IS THE HALFWAY MARK— YOU STILL CAN ENTER AND WIN!

THIS week's drawings bring the Game of Movie Stars to the halfway mark and even now it is not too late to enter. If you have neglected to get into the game during the past four weeks, get busy right now. Read the rules, and then find the name of a movie star in each of the above drawings. That will get you into the fun and start you prizeward.

LATE-ENTRY OFFER!

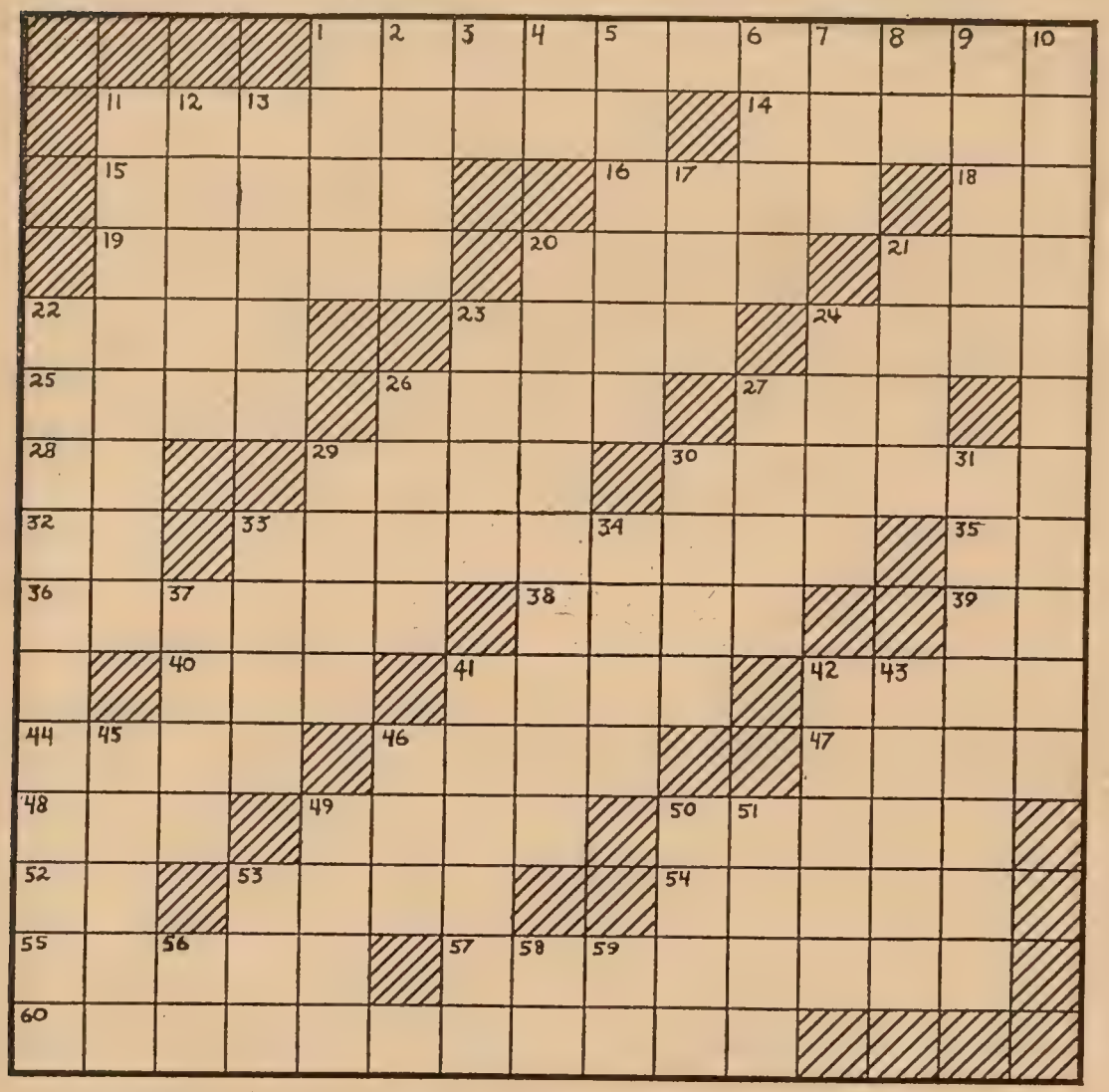
If you have mislaid or given away your copies of Liberty containing Drawings 1 to 8, mail a request for free reprints to the address in Rule 6. When they are received you can bring your entry even with the field.

DRAWINGS 11 AND 12 IN THIS SERIES WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK

Puzzle #31 8/17/35

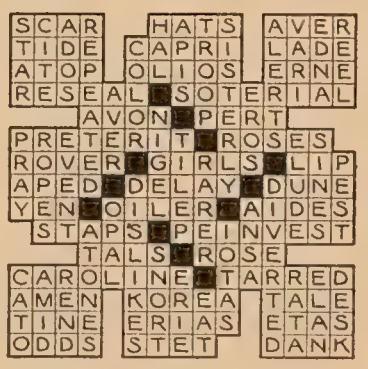
Cockeyed Cross Words

By Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 A dog doctor
11 These grow up and stand around cigar stores
14 Sock with body attached
15 Organized screaming
16 This has winning ways but suffers from athlete's brain
18 The front part of an omnibus
19 What the corset age made out of a man
20 He ain't done right by our ——!
21 Fill this with pease
22 A toothsome thing indulged in after dinner
23 Do this when approaching a crossing—then pray
24 The only straight thing on the bankster's yot
25 This put the chill on the dinner (plural)
26 Dizzy Dean sure is this
27 To decline socially
28 101 things for Calpurnia
29 What drunkards do to their wives when they come home on Saturday nights
30 Over the Tiber! (Latin)
32 The beginning and end of Clive
33 How can he remain famished with Turkey to pick on?
35 In backward
36 Dough boys
38 Coocoo home
39 Double this and it's only fair
40 A questionable word
41 Mountainous gal
42 Used to be downtrodden by a lot of heels
44 These are followed by bills
46 Eating, but not drinking, water



Answer to last week's puzzle

47 Long things that come in handy at boardinghouse tables
48 Now or later (abbr.)
49 Thin London pea soup
50 He takes melting potluck
52 Bagdad-on-the-Subway (abbr.)
53 A shining example on baldhead row
54 This Beatrice lost her head over her dear old dad
55 The most brutal thing about Gulliver's travels
57 The naughtiest town in Ohio
60 He steps out at night

VERTICAL

1 Hearty but seedy
2 This is a frost
3 Lives
4 Partly read
5 Port much used in Europe
6 This brings the sparkle to a maiden's eye, hope to her young man's breast, and depression to his pocketbook
7 The only female who could slow up the Father of Waters
8 No has-been
9 Suspenders that hold up things in the streets
10 The easiest way to overcome this, said Oscar Wilde, is to yield to it (plural)
11 Matters of life and death
12 How things came on for Bill Shakespeare
13 Kisses long married husbands give their missuses
17 Doe boy
20 Big French puddle jumper
21 Dogs' dogs
22 A little black thing found in a watermelon (possessive)
23 One of a pair of famous Scotties
24 Many foolish things are said in this light
26 Where newlyweds' dinners come from
27 A chip off the old blockhead
29 You're lucky if you can see through this
30 An old leanie
31 The best way to get rid of this is to sleep it off
33 Texas sense
34 To divorce suddenly
37 On the up and up
41 This is scratched in some of the best places
42 How to satisfy the cosmetic urge
43 To do this you've got to start at the bottom and work up
45 Red, white, and true blue
46 In a measure this is Dutch
49 You've got to roll your own to get anywhere
50 Automatic Crooner Irritation Eradicator (abbr.)
51 A nasty crack in the jaw
53 She's always good for a buck
56 Whataman!
58 This Smith, a mighty man was he
59 Royal Krackpots (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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Vox Pop

SHORTEST SHORTS

Most Vox Poppers relied on good old stand-bys, for their shortest shorts. Many sent in the three-word classics:

Adam . . . Had 'em.

Hired . . . Tired . . . Fired.

Four-word gems were from Miss S. Kodell, Quebec, Canada:

Car . . . Caress . . . Careless . . . Carless.

And from Miss M. A. Baldwin, San Bernardino, California:

Sail . . . Gale . . . Pale . . . Rail.

And from John J. Sigwald, Wilson, North Carolina:

Stop! Don't! Don't stop!

We don't know how familiar and well worn the following may be, but we give first place for brevity and cleverness to the six-word romance sent in by F. B. Scott of Montreal, Quebec, and R. R. of Syracuse, New York:

Maid one . . . Maid won . . . Made one.

Few really original shortest shorts have reached us. We'd like to see some that are honest-to-goodness storiettes.—Vox Pop Editor.

DOES IT WITH MIRRORS

Ramsey, N. J.—I have just finished reading the July 6 installment of The Case of the Caretaker's Cat and would like an explanation. Even though Perry Mason may be a pretty good detective, how is it that he had a coupé when he left Winifred Laxter's Waffle Shop but on leaving Della Street's apartment he climbs into his waiting cab? Whatta man!—*D. W. Fogal.*

TEXAS TO BEVERLY HILLS

Dallas, Tex.—As Chairman of Community Service, I want to congratulate you on the articles that appear each week in Liberty under the name of Beverly Hills. For a good many years the moving pictures have been the storm center of Federated Club controversies. In no publications brought out by the different organized groups, or by the moving pictures themselves, have I found such fair, unbiased, and entertaining reviews of the current pictures. I believe we could take your reviews and let all of the others go by the board, and still be assured of seeing the best that is being produced by the cinema. My only criticism, if any, is that Beverly Hills's review of the picture is often so much more entertaining than the picture itself.

Thanking you personally, and for my organization, for this service—*Mrs. Wm. Bacon, Chairman Community Service, Texas Federation of Women's Clubs.*

BRAINLESS NUMSKULLS . . . !

San Jose, Calif.—If you continue to print rot that is unfavorable to our great President, coming from those brainless numskulls who litter up Vox Pop, we good Democrats up here in northern California are going to throw your scandal sheet in the ash can. Although H. Hoover lives peacefully in these diggin's, there are more real honest-to-goodness Democrats than there are Methodists or Baptists. If you do not believe it, just page Will Rogers.—*George B. Crater.*

LESS . . . ENTERTAINMENT

Boston, Mass.—The principal fault in radio programs is—too much entertainment. All too brief are the very short periods grudgingly allotted the interesting talks on products which sponsor the time.

I'm sure that sponsors would realize more beneficial contacts if they paid less attention to entertainment and more to commercial announcements.

The ideal program should be spaced as follows:

Song or joke, 1 minute

Advertising talk, 28 minutes

Music or playlet, 1 minute

Total, 30 minutes.

If an organization is selling soap or automobiles over the air, the major portion of time should be devoted to soap or automobiles. There is no sense in presenting Amos 'n' Andy, Lawrence Tibbett, a Shakespearean play, or a hotel orchestra on the same program. None of the above-named nor similar entertainers have the slightest relation to or connection with the manufacture, sale, or distribution of soap or automobiles.

Morons may demand entertainment, but for intellectuals like myself there is nothing as thrilling as an inspiring, educational discourse on the merits of famous products.

Let's have more advertising and less entertainment, please!—*Thinker.*

MORE "'TISN'T SO" COMING!

Chicago, Ill.—One of the features of your magazine which I have recently missed from its pages is entitled 'Tisn't So, by R. E. Doan. I thought this a very interesting column and am hereby sending in my vote for its reinstatement.—*Louise D. Sherman.*

Denver, Colo.—We hope that soon again we shall have the opportunity to read more of 'Tisn't So which is so enlightening.—*Violet J. H. Corbin.*

LIKE GOLDFISH

St. Augustine, Fla.—There must be a mistake somewhere. Marguerite Mooers Marshall writes an interesting account in Liberty on The Private Life of the Dionne Quintuplets.

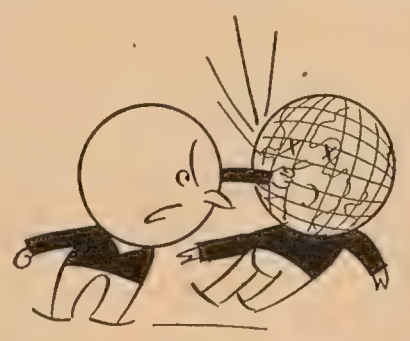
I didn't know they had a private life. —*Knowlton Rodlay.*

REFEREE: MAN IN THE MOON

Milwaukee, Wis.—You ought to submit such an article as Will the Moon Fall Down on Us? (June 15 Liberty) to a competent astronomer before printing it. Never have I seen such crass misinformation in a supposedly scientific article.

You say that the earth's rotation is slowing up at the rate of 1/240,000 of a second per day, and that thirty-six centuries hence our day will be one hour longer than it is now. A simple calculation shows that the figure would be five and a half seconds instead of one hour. Even this figure would, of course, have a mighty effect in time.

Our earth may perish in time—yes. Through slow loss, molecule by molecule,



of our atmosphere and our water; through possible variations in the sun's radiation; through biological changes making it impossible for plants, animals, and human beings to reproduce. But not through the moon hitting us a biff.—*Herbert W. Cornell, Milwaukee Astronomical Society.*

[To the above and letters from Henry Fisher of Chicago, Illinois, Virgil Talbott of Los Angeles, California, W. J. Hall of Seattle, Washington, and others the author replies:

When I began to study the moon, I found that it is a most controversial subject. However, if my critics will read Jeffreys's The Earth: Its Origin, History, and Physical Constitution, they will see that the leading authority predicts the end of the world by the gradual approach of the moon.

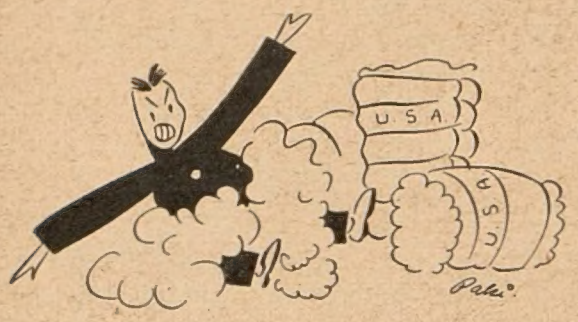
The theory of our ultimate end, which I have woven into my article, was developed by Sir George Darwin and amplified by Henri Poincaré. I cannot emphasize too strongly the authoritative position of Jeffreys, Darwin, and Poincaré.

I admit that I made an error in connection with the change in the length of the day. I accepted the statement of a scientific writer without investigation. The statement is, as your correspondents point out, absurd, but it in no way affects my main thesis.—*Donald Furthman Wickets.*]

WHY NOT "BUY JAPANESE"?

EAST WAREHAM, MASS.—The patriotic hemorrhage of Mae Morgan in July 6 Vox Pop is another case of shooting off the mouth when the mind is an empty tar barrel.

All this stuff about our textile mills being closed because all our cotton is



being shipped to Japan is a lot of hooey. Get the facts, Mae.

The United States Chamber of Commerce gives the actual figures. Just a pitiful three fifths of one per cent of the cotton grown in the United States goes to Japan. What's more, the United States ships ten times as much American goods to Japan as we receive from that country. Let's get some patriotic Nipponese to start a campaign in that country to "Buy Japanese."

We'd send our navy over in a few months to show them if they did that. —*Joseph M. Harrell.*

HE MEMORIZED THE BIBLE

SAVANNAH, GA.—*Re* Princess Kropotkin's statement (June 20 Liberty) about the lady who wanted her husband to bring her a baby via another mother, that idea is neither new nor immoral according to the Bible. Read Genesis 16:1, 2, and Genesis 30:1-3. After reading the foregoing you may put your own interpretation on the Scripture in Corinthians 7:36.—*The Man Who Memorized the Bible.*

PATIENTS I COULD MURDER

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Let me congratulate you on having obtained so unusual an article as Patients I Could Murder, by A Doctor's Wife, the unknown she-sawbones. The piece is excellent, is only too true, as I know from many medical friends, and is amusingly told. I feel that it has done the profession a real service.—*Roger Shaw, Foreign Editor, Review of Reviews.*

REDWOOD CITY, CALIF.—I am writing to tell you of my appreciation of the article Patients I Could Murder, by A Doctor's Wife, in June 29 Liberty. I wonder if you have had many letters of appreciation from the medical profession.—*John N. Blood, M. D.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—Hurrah for the anonymous doctor's wife in Patients I Could Murder! Every doctor's wife in America can endorse it. I have practiced medicine for twenty-two years and I too am sick and tired of the way you (the public) treat us.—*Medico.*

HELENA, MONT.—Patients I Could Murder, by A Doctor's Wife, burns me up. Perhaps she is fortunate enough to be married to one of the few real doctors left in the world, but I would have to see him before I would believe. A doctor's business is just a racket along with all the other rackets in the world to-day.—*A Housewife.*

"WE DON'T WANT COMMUNISM"

LIMON, COLO.—Mr. Macfadden's editorial, Economic Disaster Can Bring Us Communism, in July 6 Liberty, is the best and most plain-spoken I have ever read.

I want to congratulate him on his efforts to impress on the minds of the American people that although America is on the road to recovery, this is no time to become careless and allow Communism to step in.—*Clyde M. Fishback.*

HOUSTON, TEX.—Referring to the editorial Economic Disaster Can Bring Us Communism—well, it can and it is well along the way to that end. Not that we as a people want Communism—for we do not—but it seems to be the only positive and direct plan offered to the people to take the place of this abortive system of life that the great masses of the plain people have been forced into. —*S. H. Spangler.*

CHECK AND DOUBLE CHECK

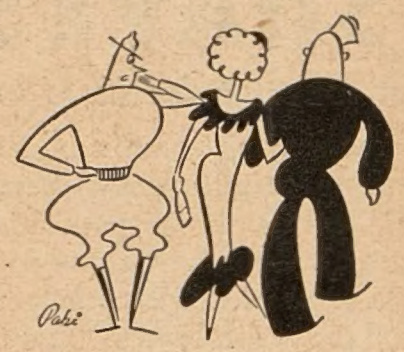
EASTON, PA.—I have just finished reading the story Evening with Blotz, by Ferrin Fraser, in June 29 Liberty. I enjoyed it very much, as I do the whole magazine every week.

The author Mr. Ferrin Fraser may be an authority on the inside workings of broadcasting, but he said William Shakespeare wrote the following line: "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." Shakespeare did not write the line. A man named John Keats wrote it.—*Stephen Mattes.*

THEIR OWN BACK YARD

CHICAGO, ILL.—I don't care who wins, but I want to keep the war going. So in reply to Four Soldiers in June 29 Vox Pop:

Allons! Ye fighting navy gobs!
These doughboy scouts shall bite the dust.
Run, braggarts, tell your generals.
They too shall rue the "bellhop" thrust.
We'll bomb the cockeyed army, pals,
To get Four Soldiers—if we must!
—*Marge.*



U. S. S. LEXINGTON—We've read a lot of nonsense, but never any like that put out by the Four Soldiers of Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

We doubt if any of the four have ever been outside of their own back yard—consequently have never even seen a marine or sailor, so how can they know what a he-man is?

Who ever heard of the femmes going for a soldier when there was a marine or sailor around?—*Four Devil Dogs.*

"Stick 'em up!"

BEST TWO-FISTED MAN

FRESNO, CALIF.—To my way of thinking, Sam Johnson was the best two-fisted real man—and I mean just that—I ever met. I think Myron B. Goldsmith is to be complimented on bringing the story of this man through Liberty to the general public.—*A. H. Konigmacher, M. D.*

THREE CORKERS

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—At last! After all these long years of dumb and inconsequential vox-popping off, some gleams of light begin to shine in Vox Pop. The issue of July 6 contained a letter on the fallibility of the Constitution, by W. E. Ruff, a letter on our pernicious economic system, and a letter from East Cleveland on the racket of war—all three of them corkers showing some economic intelligence.—*Nick.*

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NEXT WEEK!

UNTOLD SECRETS OF CATHOLICS in MEXICO!

WHOLESALE murder—pillaged libraries—razed cathedrals—confiscation—Catholic bishops disguised as peons working in the fields and in the shadow of night baptizing Mexican babies behind hayricks and administering last rites of the Mother Church to dying Christians in the cellars and pigsties of their adobe huts—hundreds of small boys cast into jail for failure to attend State schools where they are taught "There is no God, there never will be any God, there never was any God. Long live the revolution!" At last Liberty reveals the real truth about the persecution of Catholics in Mexico. A heart-stirring epic of religious heroism in the very teeth of the executioners' guns, with one inspiring and glorious side. The way the priests and nuns are keeping the Catholic religion alive and functioning in Mexico despite dreadful persecution will interest everybody and make every Catholic proud of his or her religion. Read it by all means.

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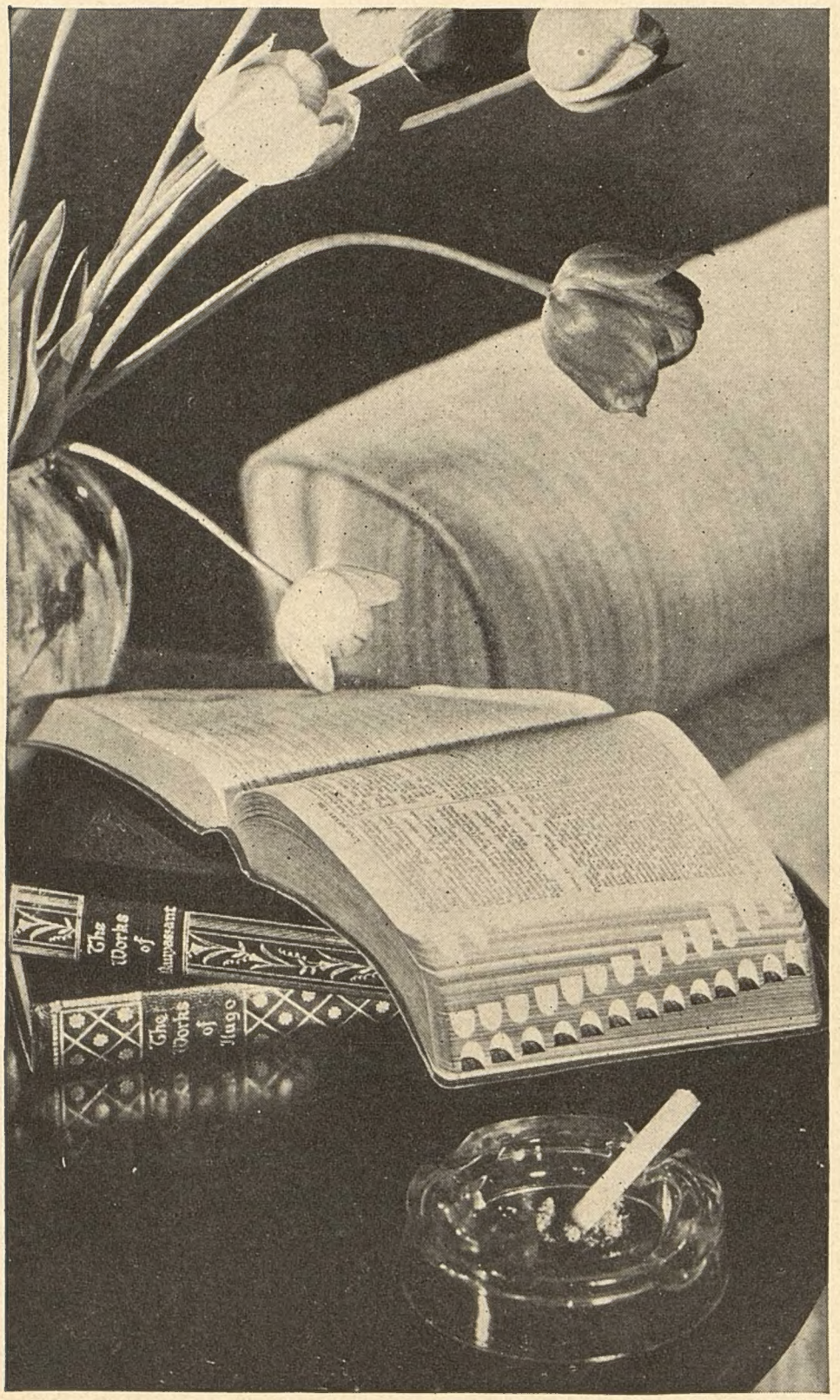

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